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June
1958

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For prospectus and information concerning admission for September, 1958

Write to

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Our Prefects

BACK ROW—Carol Glesby; Gayle Morris; Elsie Albertsen; Naomi Genser; Betty McKae; Margaret Gillespie.
SECOND ROW—Elizabeth Kilgour; Barbara Sidgwick, School Captain; Jennifer Young, Head Girl; Jane Ross;
Betty Anne Atkins, Sports Captain; Barbara Park.

EDITORIAL

Leaders

Nobel prizes have been awarded since 1901 to those persons who have "done most to promote Fraternity of Nations and Abolition or Diminution of Standing Armies and the Increase of Peace Congresses." Great men, leaders whom we all know, have received this award for some special contribution. We think of Pierre and Marie Curie, who made an unselfish and costly contribution in the field of physics, and of Winston Churchill, who led the free nations in time of strife, more recently of Albert Schweitzer and now of Lester B. Pearson, our own Canadian Peace Prize winner.

When we think of such leaders who have made this world a better place by their unselfish examples, our thoughts turn to Moses and to Jesus, both of whom revealed a whole way of life to the millions who would live after them. We remember Moses for his fortitude and fearlessness and Jesus for His unselfishness. Jesus' concern for mankind made him unafraid to give and not to count the cost.

The qualities of a leader are as many as they are varied, some being almost indefinable. A leader must have integrity, the ability to differentiate between right and wrong. He must be fortified with a determination to override all obstacles and should take pride in doing only his best. He must have good judgment, and faith in his fellow men. Because a leader works for the betterment of the whole, he must often put the general welfare before his individual wishes—he too must give without counting the cost. Among the greatest and most intangible qualities which a leader possesses is his ability to sense with a sympathetic heart the needs and desires of others.

Our School days are our formative days. During these comparatively carefree years we are shaping the foundation upon which we will build our lives. At Balmoral Hall every girl from the youngest Class President to the oldest and most experienced Prefect is learning to develop the special qualities of a leader. Through helping and working with others, these girls are developing judgment, integrity, unselfishness, self-control and, most of all, an understanding of human nature. Taking the lead is often very difficult, but with guidance, the leaders in this School have opportunities to develop these special qualities. Not forgetting that much will be required of those to whom much is given, our School leaders, having discovered the deep meaning of privilege and responsibility, should be ready to carry the torch into wider fields.

RAE BURRELL,
Editor.



OUR HEAD GIRL — JENNIFER YOUNG
OUR SCHOOL CAPTAIN — — BARBARA SIDGWICK

VALEDICTORY

Dear Girls,

We never dreamed last September that the time for writing this farewell letter would be upon us so quickly. We have not moved into any new buildings, nor can we pinpoint any one outstanding event, but it has been a good year.

The highlights of the School's social activities were two very successful dances, from which we all gained valuable experience as convenors and which we hope will become annual events. On May 22nd our versatile gymnasium was transformed into a gaily decorated tea-room for the highly successful Lilac-Mission Tea. It was very special because for the first time in eight years the lilacs were in bloom on the very day we needed them. Most worthwhile was the formation of "The Literary Society" and we hope that you will see it carried on to "better things" now that it has been established. Besides these our sports programme expanded considerably this year, to the extent that our school basketball team won several matches.

Long will we remember the lovely May morning, when we all gathered around the flagpole for Morning Prayers to dedicate our new Union Jack. As the flag unfurled it seemed to form a bond between all of us participating in the ceremony, just as it does between all the countries of the British Commonwealth. In the same way, our school crest, now shining from our blazers, signifies a bond between us here at Balmoral Hall. We must be proud of our country as we watch our flag flying, and proud of our School as we wear its crest, remembering that "Meliora Petens" is our aim.

As we prepare to leave, we say goodbye and a special thank you to the Staff, the Prefects and to Miss Murrell-Wright, without whose help this year could not have been so happy. To those who will be in authority next year, and to each one of you, if you keep in mind that nothing is achieved without effort, a prosperous, rewarding year will be yours.

With love,

JENNIFER AND BARBARA



Balmoral Hall,
June, 1958.

My dear Girls,

It is time now to

Pack up your pencils in your old School bag
And smile—smile—smile—

but I have just a word to say as you set out for three months of comparative freedom.

Recreation is a very necessary part of good living and if properly understood can, in three months, be an invaluable part of your life each summer during your school days. At the very beginning of your holiday you should have plans for this re-creating so that you will have something to show by September.

Most of you are still growing and the body needs a change from sitting in a desk to running in great open spaces. May you have many opportunities for such freedom. To keep pace with such activity the body will need to be well fed, and I can visualize the tremendous appetites that will gather around your family tables, and around campfires and at shore picnics.

Re-creation of the mind is important too. At first the mind will need a rest and then a change. Be sure that just as your body needs food so will your mind. Without mental stimulation you will find the days long, and some of you will soon be saying, "What shall I do now?" and towards the end of the Summer you will even be secretly glad that School will soon be calling you back.

Food for the mind—here are some menus. Plan to learn something new—in swimming, diving, sailing, exploring, art, music, gardening, cooking or housekeeping. You can add to this list depending on your plans for this summer, but just remember that the mind will need food for its re-creation. It would be a good idea to include your Summer reading in this plan so that you enjoy at least one book each month and not leave four books for September.

When I see you in the Fall I shall be interested to hear just what you taught yourself this Summer and how able you are to satisfy your own mind or how much you depend on entertainment that others create for you.

A happy Summer to you all, and be sure, you who are graduating, that I shall look for several rows of Old Girls to wish us well as we set out for our New Year on September 10th.

Affectionately yours,

S. Murrell Wright

Literary



The Last Straw

Silhouetted sharply against the dying sun, the man stood alone on the rise of ground, gazing at the parched land and withered crops. Then he turned and, with an air of hopelessness, walked back down the way he had come. The earth was so dry that every step made clouds of brown dust rise. He passed an old wagon, blended brown and black from rust and age, and nearly buried beneath the drifting soil. Further on lay the bleached bones of a cow, picked clean by vultures, and polished to a high sheen by the wind and sun.

Inside the gate a few scrawny hens stalked around the yard, scratching in vain for food—seeds or bits of grain left from the morning rations. A lean cow, her ribs showing through her hide, stood at the drinking trough which was caked in white from the strong, alkaline water. She moed pitifully, thrusting her once soft nose, now cracked from the dryness, in search of water. Then she nibbled hungrily at the dried weeds surrounding the base of the trough. The man gave a weary sigh as he mounted the creaking steps of the veranda and walked into the house. A layer of dust covered everything, even though an attempt at cleaning had been made that morning. He passed through into the kitchen where his wife was preparing supper. A large tin wash tub sat at one side of an old stove, about half full of water.

"Jake? Your supper's ready. You'd better wash."

"Wash? In what?" he replied sarcastically. "Can't use good water just to wash my hands . . . rather go dirty."

"Please, Jake! I know water is precious, but you don't have to use much . . . and mebbe . . . mebbe it'll rain . . . I saw nice black clouds just before sunset . . . mebbe they'll come this way."

"You know them clouds won't come this way! We haven't had rain for weeks an' it won't rain now . . . not when everything's ruined . . . crops burnt out, cattle a-dyin' from thirst . . . Oh, God! Why did it have to happen when everything was going so well! Best crop we've had in years . . . could probably have made enough for all the things we wanted."

The woman, haggard and thin, looked at her husband silently. She thought of the beginning of the year . . . all the hopes for a really good crop . . . all that had been planned, the new radio . . . new curtains for the living-room, maybe even a new dress! Then, the wind . . . the tireless, unceasing wind, carrying everything, all hopes and plans, before it. Why had it happened? Why? Old memories darted through her mind . . . their arrival five years before . . . all the misfortune, the barn burning down, the fever leaving them without their three children, every year something happening to the crop . . . and still they were struggling against death with only a few dollars left. . . Would it ever end?

Her thoughts were sharply interrupted by her husband.

"I'm going out to feed the animals. Where's their water?"

"Ain't any left," she replied wearily.

"What?" he exclaimed. "But they gotta have water! . . . Well, if there's none left of theirs, we'll have to give them some of ours! We can last out for a day or two on what we've got, then I'll try and buy some more from the government man."

"A day . . . or two?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes. I did try today, but the supply was all gone. He'll be getting more the day after tomorrow . . . We'll just have to be more careful, that's all."

He turned around fiercely and took up an old bucket from the back of the porch, filled it half full of water, then tramped out of doors. His wife sighed quietly and started clearing the table.

Day dawned once more, and just as the sun started its relentless trip across the sky, the man came out of the lone weather-beaten farm-house. He headed for the rickety shelter at one side to feed the animals. As he passed by, he let the chickens out of the makeshift hen house. In the shelter he found their only cow—dead. In the pen, one sow lay awkwardly on her side, grunting in pain, while the other cowered in the opposite corner. He examined the sick animal, fed the other, then returned to the house for breakfast.

Before mounting the veranda, he went down, took a handful of dirt, crumbled it between his

fingers, then looked up at the clear sky. He threw the remainder of the dirt distastefully to the ground, banged his heavy dust-covered boots against the side of the steps, and went into the house muttering softly.

His wife sat in the kitchen, her head in her hands, crying. As soon as she heard her husband, she hastily wiped her tears away on her dress.

"We're finished," she said. "We can't stay here! The tub sprang a leak during the night and all the water's gone . . . not a drop left, not even for breakfast!"

"Oh, God! That's the last straw . . . the last straw . . ."

The sun sank slowly behind the deserted farmhouse. Its rays cast ominous, eery shadows across the dusty plain, and the wind blew gently around the corner, bearing the drifting soil before it.

SHELAGH KELSEY,
Grade XII

Senior Literary Competition
Prize Story

One Diamond Earring

"Oh! There's the door bell, Andy! Will you go down and see who it is? I'll be down in one minute."

Andy and Flora Robertson were having a dinner party, and, as usual, Flora was not ready. Andy meekly went downstairs and greeted Murray Paxton. After twenty-five years of living with Flora, Andy did everything meekly when he was at home. Murray was a self-centered individual who thought life had been cruel to him. He had divorced his wife the year before and had been regretting it ever since from the financial point of view. He was a writer and had sold a hundred copies of one of his eight books.

"Hello, Murray! So sorry I'm late; the usual last minute details, you know."

"Quite all right, Flora; we expect that now, don't we?" Murray returned with a feeble laugh.

Just then the door bell announced Gladys Seyton, middle-aged, unmarried, and successful in the business world. She always made certain that everyone knew she was happy and had all she wanted from life.

The last to arrive were the Drummonds. Charles was sensible and fun-loving, but one had to be very careful with Glenna. She was easily offended and if you stood on one foot instead of two, it irritated her. She readily jumped to conclusions, and this often caused her a great deal of trouble and embarrassment.

"Would you like a drink, Glenna?" Andy asked, and seemed surprised that it had actually come from him.

"Please, Andy, I'll have a Scotch and soda. How are you, Gladys? Haven't seen you for ages."

"Got to keep right to the grindstone, you know. How have you been keeping?"

"Oh, just fair; nerves, you know. They're beginning to act up again."

"That's too bad, dear. It'll clear up soon, though. It always has, anyway."

Flora quickly turned the conversation to the children, and Murray settled down to expound his views on the election. When dinner was announced, Glenna ran upstairs to "freshen up." She got her comb and lipstick from her handbag and went to the mirror. With a gasp of horror, she realized that one diamond earring was missing. They were family heirlooms and, she claimed, almost priceless. If her nerves had ever suffered, they suffered now. What was she to do?

Her first thought was Charles. Why was he not here when she wanted him? She took a nerve pill, and then she hit on a wonderful plan. She would observe everyone at the dinner table, and, without arousing suspicion, find out which one had stolen her earring.

She began her observations as soon as she sat down, starting with Murray. "He was in the library with me. He could have seen it drop. What have I done to him to deserve this? Wait! . . . Would he remember? Twenty years is a long time to hold a grudge . . . still, knowing Murray . . . I know just what he's thinking now. 'I've fixed her. Serves her right.' What a perfectly dreadful thing to do! He's so nervous; look how he plays with his glass and spoon."

Gladys next caught her attention. "Gladys doesn't believe these gems are real. I'll bet that she stole one to check and see if it is genuine. It would be just like her. I can tell from the way she watches me that she has something on her mind."

Poor Glenna hardly heard the conversation going on around her, and she ate practically nothing. "Perhaps it was Andy," she thought. "He gambles a lot; I wonder if he lost last night? How can I tell if it was Andy? He wouldn't have enough sense to take the earring, but he had the best chance. Oh! Andy, why do you always have to look so stupid and blank? You make me so angry; do something that will give you away, please."

Then it dawned on her. "Of course! Flora. Why didn't I think of her before? She's jealous of me. Those looks she always gives me; calls me

darling all the time; doesn't mean a word of it. She's determined to get even with me, and she thinks this is the way to do it. I'll fix her. I'll accuse her right now."

The maid came in and spoke quietly to Flora.

"Glena," Flora said, "telephone for you."

Glena was irritated by the interruption, but she had no choice but to go.

"Hello," she said sharply.

"Mrs. Drummond, this is Mary. You left in such a hurry that you forgot one of your earrings . . ."

MARGARET GILLESPIE
Grade XII

A Royal Occasion

Having planned an exciting Thanksgiving week-end at Virden with a friend, I was not altogether pleased to learn that I was going to Ottawa instead. It seems odd now to remember my gloom at the thought of the tedious hours in the train, and even stranger, my regrets for the algebra and geography tests I should miss. However, as soon as I arrived in Ottawa and felt the excitement everywhere, I was glad, for once, that the decision had not rested with me.

Countless impressions crowd my mind as I recall that week-end, but, above them all, stands the Monday morning when we waited near the Parliament Buildings to watch the Queen drive past on her way to open the Canadian Parliament. There was so much to see that the hours passed quickly until the moment when the Army, Navy, and Air Force guards of honour came smartly to attention, and we knew that the Royal coach was near.

It was a warm, sunny day, so the Queen rode in an open coach, with scarlet-coated mounties trotting gaily before her on blue-black horses. She wore her Coronation gown and a diamond tiara, and on the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter were the diamond maple leaf brooch, and the fleur de lis pin given her by the people of Quebec. As the sun glinted on the diamonds, and her Majesty waved regally, a hush fell on the crowd, but in a moment the warmth and friendliness of her smile brought forth wild cheers. Children jumped up and down with delight, and a Frenchman called, "Hello, Elizabeth! Comment ça va?"

I saw the Queen four times during that hectic weekend; at the Cenotaph, at Government House, and on the lovely Driveway, and each time at very close range, but this was the most thrilling moment of all, and I shall never forget it.

PAMELA MACCHARLES,
Grade X

Le Printemps

C'est le printemps! Le ciel est bleu, l'herbe est verte, et les fleurs s'épanouissent. Dans le parc les oiseaux chantent, et les amoureux se promettent d'être toujours fidèles. Tout est tranquille.

Mais, qu'est-ce qui arrive? J'entends le tonnerre. Je vois le foudre. La pluie commence à tomber. C'est un orage! Les amoureux quittent rapidement le parc. Les oiseaux cherchent l'abri. Les enfants courent à la maison. Le parc est désert.

Maintenant l'orage est terminé. Le soleil brille encore. Les oiseaux recommencent à chanter. Les enfants jouent joyeusement et les amoureux se baisent. Oui, le printemps est la plus belle saison de l'année.

BRENDA HOWAT,
Grade IX

The Deer

Over the hill and through the trees,
I saw them run with graceful ease
'Til all but one of them disappeared.
He raised his head and at me peered
With soft brown eyes. He lingered there,
And then for a moment he sniffed the air.
He nipped the flowers around his feet,
And then with joy, relinquished his treat.
He stood very still, but then with a bound
Crossed the hill; after glancing around,
He came my way and stopped at my side.
I raised my hand and smoothed his hide;
I felt his ears and his cold damp nose,
He nuzzled my hand and nuzzled my toes.
I heard a rustling in the trees;
I looked at him and saw him freeze;
I saw his muscles tense and harden,
And with a leap he left our garden.
But before he reached the top of the hill,
A shot rang out. He leaped and lay still.
My heart felt sick; before I knew
It, I was beside him. I knelt in the dew
Of the flowers; he did not stir.
I buried my face in the soft, white fur
Of his neck, now stained with blood.
In a minute or so beside me stood
Two men whose rifles were fresh with smoke;
Together they stood, but neither spoke.
I stood and faced them; my eyes were grim,
And my face questioned, "Why killed you him?"
But without an answer, I left the scene,
Where, a short while before, we two had been
Happy together under the trees,
Now crying sadly in the breeze.

DONNA DAY WASHINGTON,
Grade X

Senior Literary Competition
Prize Poem

The Unexpected

It had been a warm and bright summer day. A gentle breeze played over the lake sending ripples scurrying like a school of fish dispersed by the slightest hint of danger. The sun, the sea, the sky and the land all reflected the quiet beauty of the verdant months.

As we slowly made our way over the still blue water, view after view of unparalleled beauty met our eyes. Tiny symmetrical islands surrounded by softly-lapping water, jagged weather-beaten boulders sharply outlined against the noon day sun, shimmering rainbow-coloured fish gliding through the clear waters, and the bold contrast of brilliant white sails with the deep blue waters of the lake, all stirred us to the quick and were lastingly impressed upon our minds.

Our day was spent in peace and contentment, fishing, swimming, and enjoying all nature. But as the sun slowly sank in the west, disaster fell. In our intent gazing, we had carelessly come too close to shore, and only when a rippling, splintering noise tore in our ears, did we see the water rushing into the stern of our craft. We frantically began to bail and row away from the danger zone.

We were managing to maintain the water at ankle level, but we knew we could not keep this up for any great length of time. Then my quick-thinking companions suggested that they bail and I attempt to mend the hole, or at least temporarily plug it. Catching sight of a board and rag under one of the seats, I clapped them down over the hole, and pushed firmly, feeling like a poor counterpart of the brave little Dutch boy. The water at last ceased pouring in, and a steady but small stream of water took its place. With makeshift strappings, we fastened the "plug" into the hole so that it would not have to be constantly held. We were safe at last.

We soon realized, however, that in our pre-occupation we had drifted into unfamiliar waters. Anxiously we scanned the horizon for landmarks. Not a trace was to be seen. Oh, why had we not watched where we were going? What should we do now? It was getting dark, and before long we could barely see where land began and water ended. For over an hour we rowed in a direction we thought might lead us back, but without avail. Exhausted almost beyond caring, our food and clothes drenched, we decided to anchor and remain out for the night, and start again in daylight.

It seemed best to pass the island immediately ahead and then pull in to shore. We all worked hard, and had just rounded the island and were about to look for a landing place, when lo, there stood our own boathouse and dock. Oh joy! Oh heaven! No wonder, though, that we had not

recognized the surroundings; we had never before approached home from this particular direction. With choking breath we swiftly bridged the last distance to the dock, and climbing upon solid boards, could now laugh over what, moments before, we could hardly face.

SIGNE SALZBERG
Grade X

Night Flight

Airborne! The airplane took off from the runway, heading straight into the blazing inferno of an autumn sunset. As we gained altitude, pinpoints of light began to appear below on the miniature landscape, and suddenly we were enveloped in darkness. The blackened landscape receded from view as we began climbing through a heavy cloud bank, higher and higher heavenwards. Like a flash we broke through the cloud, and there, stretched before us, lay a new, silent world, radiant with moonlight. A thin wisp of cloud drifted past the window—not an ordinary cloud, but gilded with moonbeams, as though it were a curious angel, peering questioningly at this noisy intruder.

Soon, off in the distance, stars began twinkling, as the lights of heaven were illuminated by an invisible lamplighter. Soaring still higher, we seemed to ascend right into the midst of the starry host. It seemed there were stars all around us, and if one could extend a hand through the well-sealed window, one could almost pluck a handful of glitter.

The huge void without appeared to absorb the roaring of the plane, for it began to grow quiet, and most of the passengers dozed, lulled by the steady hum of the motors.

In my seemingly drugged state, I began to wonder and to question. In our own world, far removed from this beauty, was war, hatred, poverty and unhappiness. Why, when through a few thousand feet of space this serenity could be attained, could not the same exist on earth? Was it because of man's mind? Yet if man's mind could produce such a wonderful machine as our silver bird, which enables us to leave our own marred plane, and to ascend into God's realm to glimpse how God must have meant our world to be, it could surely conceive a solution to these problems.

Then light began to creep in through the window. Fists were rubbed in sleepy eyes, dreams and thoughts were forgotten. Even as we looked, the stars faded from our sight. The moon had disappeared but the last rays seemed to linger in the dark corners of the aircraft. Before

long there were no traces left of the paradise which had enthralled us such a short time before.

Descending through the clouds, washed clean and billowy white by the night rain, we entered once more into our own world, resolved to do our part in its badly-needed improvement. We taxied along the runway, heading straight into the glazing glory of an autumn sunrise.

JENNIFER YOUNG,
Grade XII

Two O'Clock

"The moon again! Why can't we remember to pull down the blinds?" Sandy muttered sleepily, seething with anger. She sat up to look at her watch. Two o'clock. "Where in the world does it find the pep to shine so brightly at this hour?" There was a movement from the shapeless blob in the bed opposite. "Val?" she whispered tentatively.

Another moment and a sleepy reply came, "What?"

"Are you awake?"

"No."

Sandy was contemplating reading in the closet until she got sleepy again, when her ears caught the low sounds of conversation from the room next door. She threw off her covers and padded quietly, with bare feet, to the door. "Turn the handle to the left," she reminded herself; "it squeaks to the right."

"Hey!" she called in a stage whisper, "You awake in there?"

"Hi, Sandy, did the moon wake you too? Come on in! We're going to have a party. Karen got her food parcel today." The three not-so-hushed voices of Karen, Sue, and Ginny welcomed her.

They sat in a circle around the array of cookies, fruit, and candy, and chatted and munched contentedly until someone casually said, "There's nothing better than cheese Ritz biscuits and tomato soup." Karen added that chicken noodle was her favourite. An inspired look appeared on Sue's face and she burst into smothered gales of laughter. "Anybody want a bowl of chicken noodle soup?" she gasped.

"What's so funny about that?" asked Sandy.

"I have a package of it in my drawer, that's all."

Sandy still failed to see the humour, but Karen and Ginny both exclaimed, "Sure! Why not?" Then they explained the secret. Karen was the proud possessor of a popcorn popper which could be used with equal success for soup.

Karen dived into the closet and, after a frantic minute ofuffled searching, she emerged triumphant, clutching the popper in her hand.

The moon shone with all its radiance through the bars of the fire escape on the four conspirators

as they sat in a huddle planning their escapade. Karen was delegated to get water from the bathroom, Sue was to crawl under the bunk to plug in the popper, and Sandy and Ginny drew the task of creeping down to the pantry for spoons.

The two girls crept soundlessly down the hall and negotiated the stairs past the housemother's door safely. The next flight was more hazardous since several steps creaked. Approaching footsteps sent the girls scurrying into the infirmary as the night watchman went past on his hourly round. They heard a metallic click when he locked his station on the third floor.

The first floor finally attained, Sandy stood guard while Ginny swung open the pantry door and slid like an eel through the narrow space. Thankful now for the light of the much-maligned moon, she peered inquiringly into several drawers before striking the right one. Seconds later, she reappeared, four spoons held triumphantly aloft.

As the two climbed the stairs, their expectant nostrils caught the faint aroma of chicken noodle soup. It seemed incongruous to be creeping upstairs in pyjamas with hair in pins, and to be smelling soup in a girls' residence at two o'clock in the morning.

Sue and Karen were already testing the temperature of the soup and the tenderness of the noodles with eager fingers. The brew was pronounced ready, spoons were doled out, and the feast began.

The striking of the big grandfather clock reminded the girls that only four short hours away lay a new, full day. Sandy hurriedly said, "Good morning!" and crept back to bed.

SHIRLEY DONALDSON,
Grade X

The Voyage That Made A Nation

Her name was Elizabeth Anne Brownell. She had never left home in all her seventeen years, and she was frightened. She stood at the ship's rail and watched the bustle of sailors and travellers, a million thoughts whirling through her mind. "Is sailing dangerous? What will it be like to live in a new land? Would she ever again see the little bake shop on the corner, the misty afternoons, or lazy London on a Sunday morn?"

As the ship drew away from the shore of her homeland, the tears swelled in her eyes. She looked back and thought, "I have left dear England for a cause, and if the good Lord wishes it, I shall arrive safely in the New Land." Turning her back to the land, and squaring her shoulders, she bravely faced her new life.

His name was Daniel Kummer, and standing just inside the borders of Holland, he looked back towards his homeland. For all the trouble and sorrow she had caused him in his short twenty

years of life, he still loved Germany, and it was with a heavy sigh that he turned and left his country behind for ever.

Weeks later, as he entered Amsterdam, it seemed to him the largest place in the world and he felt suddenly lost. He wandered through the streets, stopping passers-by with his one Dutch word, and in German and English trying to explain that he wanted a place to stay. But they only shook their heads or shrugged their shoulders. Towards sundown, when he was tired and discouraged, he saw a tall, fair man walking down a little side street. Once again Daniel called the only Dutch word he knew, "Mynheer!"

The man did not respond, and so he tried, "Sir!"

The man turned, holding in his hand a tall, black, Puritan hat, and answered in English, "Didst thou call me, sir?"

From that time on they were friends. The man's name was Thomas Berkley and he and his family had come from England because of certain religious laws, but in the fall they were going to America. Daniel stayed with Thomas, delivering home-made pies to help support the family who had been so kind to him, and when fall came, Thomas persuaded him to go to America with them. Consequently, in mid-August, he boarded the boat at Amsterdam, a Berkley child in each arm.

On the second day at sea, he was admiring a silver plate on the bridge, which read, The Princess Angustus, when he heard a sailor say, "We'll be back in Holland within the fortnight if the weather holds."

"Aye," said his friend as he turned up his collar against the raw salt-water spray that lashed at his face and neck.

"How could the ship return so soon?" wondered Daniel, and when he sought an explanation, they told him that the passengers were to be transferred to another ship at Land's End, England.

Anne Brownell was wondering why the ship had stopped so long off the coast of Land's End, when she saw the boat from the anchored Princess Angustus, with its load of Pilgrims, coming towards them. As they climbed over the rope rail of the ship, she greeted the Pilgrims and helped tired mothers with their small children. She noticed that one of the men was not a Puritan, but was tall and fair and dressed in tan-coloured cloth. He was speaking softly to two of the Pilgrim children in heavily accented English, but as he passed, he bowed and smiled to her.

He had first seen Anne as he climbed over the rail of the new ship. She was wearing a green dress trimmed with lace, and her hair was piled high on her head. She was greeting the travellers, and as he passed her, he bowed and smiled. After eight days at sea, Anne and Daniel were the best of friends. They stood together on the deck,

laughing as each gust of wind which brought them closer to the new land, dashed the fresh salt-sea spray in their faces. They read to each other or talked during storms when the ship tossed on a blackened sea.

It seemed like years to Anne before she heard the long-awaited words of, "Land Ahoy!" Through the early morning mist, she could see the rugged coast, and hear the lonely call of the gulls that circled the ship looking for food.

Later, helping her into the small pilot boat and sitting in front of her to shield her from the drizzling rain, Daniel realized how wonderfully glad and how lucky he was to have someone to face his new life with him.

At last Anne heard the bow scraping the sand, and before she knew it, she was lifted by Daniel's strong arms and was placed on her feet on the soft, cool sand of North America. She had left England alone, but now with Daniel she was no longer alone. It was a good way to start a new life, she thought.

Anne and Daniel, hand in hand, looked back over the misty, grey waters. They would always remember this day, and years later, grandchildren would tell great-grandchildren how Anne and Daniel had been passengers on the historic voyage of the "Mayflower."

JUDITH HARRIS,
Grade IX

*Intermediate Literary Competition
Prize Story*



S. SALZBERG

On Being a Wallflower

Only those with true Wallflower tendencies can achieve perfection in this art. The predestined Wallflower can be detected by her unimposing entrance and her hasty withdrawal to a dark corner of the dance floor. Despite her shyness, she has high hopes for a glorious evening, with men fighting for each dance. But two unhappy hours later, the dream of even one dance diminishes and her spirits wilt. The Wallflower sneaks furtively home, unnoticed and unescorted. She continues, however, to go to dances, as only real Wallflowers do.

Since each occasion ends in the same way, the young potential acquires one of two predominant traits. She may either sit in Victorian straightness, her unseeing eyes peering directly ahead, or she may assume a look of challenge, daring any boy to ask her to dance. Both of these habits frighten away any possible escort. But these disheartening experiences become easier to bear, and it is when the Wallflower looks forward to a dance for other than dancing that she becomes an acknowledged professional. Many people find this difficult to believe. They cannot understand why anyone, however dull, would not want to dance. Obviously they are not Wallflowers, hard, callous Wallflowers.

It is some time before the girl realizes this change in herself. She only knows that she has become quite an authority on the styles of various orchestras and the specialties of several caterers. She may even find herself smiling faintly when she notices a blonde, definitely peroxidized, wiggling excessively in a black clinging sheath. Another source of amusement occurs when a jiver slips on the highly polished dance-floor, sustaining a nasty fall.

But the Wallflower's greatest triumph in ball-room observation comes when she learns to classify men. Those who brush past her, their inflated egos almost visible, she places in category one, "The Great I Ams." This type she can tell at a glance by their swagger and debonair manner. In class two, are the males who walk up to her, filling her Wallflower heart with hope, and choose the belle behind her. She despises these men utterly and names them "The Sneaks." "The Weaklings" are the third group. They are the species who start towards her, pause, take another step, peer closely and in a wild, uncontrolled movement, rush in the opposite direction. The above types of men the Wallflower ignores, but there is a fourth for whom she has only contempt. They are entitled "The Herd." These despicable creatures, the lowest in male life, in her opinion, cling together in a small knot, disregarding all girls. It has never been decided whether they are frightened to walk alone across the dance floor or whether they abhor the entire female sex. Whichever it is, the Wall-

flower considers them cowards and smiles her grim smile as they leave, en masse, for the supper table.

But the ascetic life of every Wallflower must end when a man, impervious to her glare or in an equally desperate situation, chooses her to be his waltz partner. Then she will dance from the Wallflower ranks, she will smile again, and, being merely mortal, she will forget her sisters and will scorn them.

LINDA RIDDELL,
Grade XI

Blizzard of Death

Life in early Canada was not easy. It involved many hardships and heartbreaks. Settlers lived and died to build this nation, and Doctor McCarther was among the most courageous. He and his family lived in a small village in Quebec.

One typical mid-winter day snow fell steadily against the McCarther's primitive homestead, and the wind rattled the doors. Doctor McCarther finished packing his coonskin kit and pulled on his old beaver coat. He had just received an urgent message from a neighbour that the mother of new homesteaders was seriously ill. His wife looked at him anxiously and urged, "Dear, hadn't you better wait at least another day until the storm dies down? You know Molly's footing isn't very secure in deep snow."

"No," he replied firmly, "I am in good health and strong enough to make the trip even if the horse fails." All calls for medical aid, no matter when they came or where they would take him, were vitally important to John McCarther, and he never allowed such a difficulty as bad weather to stop him. Having kissed his family goodbye, he opened the door and started towards the shed where Molly was waiting. A biting gust of wind greeted him, stinging his leathery skin, and blinding his eyes for a moment.

The first few miles were the worst, since the roads had disappeared under the drifting snow, and direction could not be determined. He realized that Molly would have to follow the route to French's creek by instinct. Constantly the horse stumbled, jerking the sled and almost throwing her passenger into the snow. The violent wind blew drifts of snow into the open sled, so McCarther, with only a fur blanket and heavy clothing for warmth, pulled the cover more tightly around his legs and shouted encouraging words to the old horse. His clothing and cover soon became inadequate. His face and feet were frozen numb and a chill was gradually spreading through his very bones.

While wind and snow continued to beat against the doctor, and no sign of the woods could be seen, McCarther became doubtful of the

direction in which they were travelling. "We should be in the wood soon," he thought, "then perhaps the trees will shelter us a little."

The fierce wind and blinding snow were not the only difficulties facing Doctor McCarther, for he began to feel sleepy, then strange, weird thoughts entered his mind, and the monotonous white wall of snow was becoming a burden to his eyes. Often, when he felt drowsy, his wife's face appeared before the sled in a mirage.

As they passed through the woods, the force of the wind was broken to some extent, but another danger arose. Great piles of snow falling from the trees would often land in the sled. Molly halted when she came to the creek at the edge of the tree line, but with a word of encouragement from her master, she proceeded cautiously to cross the frozen ice. John said a silent prayer for the horse's safety. No sooner had he finished, than Molly's right foot slipped and she tumbled on the ice with a dreadful cry of pain, sending the doctor sprawling too. Uninjured, John staggered to his feet. He took a bottle of ether from his bag and approached old Molly, who was lying in anguish. Reluctantly, he poured out the contents, knowing that a horse with a broken leg in a growing blizzard, and five miles from the nearest shelter, would have had no chance of survival.

Now the problem of his own survival faced McCarther. "Shall I go on, or return home?" He pondered a moment, then decided to continue, for again devotion to his work gave him renewed courage.

Walking was difficult and slow without snowshoes, so John travelled very little distance in the next hour. His legs ached from the cold and with each step he sank down into the deep drifts. Again he felt the temptation to sleep, but with the thought of the sick woman waiting for him, he plunged onwards in the raging storm in a semi-conscious state. Gradually his courage and physical strength weakened, his limbs became immovable, and the doctor's will to live faded as sleep conquered his exhausted frame.

An anxious week of worry passed for Agnes McCarther, wondering if her husband would return or if he were lying dead in the snow. When these doubts could be contained within her soul no longer, she resolved to tell the next visitor.

A few days later, a party of neighbors was formed and the task of finding Doctor McCarther began.

Not until spring was the body found. It lay one quarter of a mile from its destination. Yes, Doctor John McCarther, like so many of the early settlers, had lost the battle against the forces of nature.

MARGARET GOODER,
Grade IX

Liberty

Our lot was servant to the King
And nobles.
We dressed in rags of dirt and grime
And filth.
All men worked hard, and harder still,
But starved.
Because the King loved riches well,
We suffered.
Then bitterness became too great
To bear.
Our hate gave strength unto our arms
At last.
And so, with hate, we started out
To slay
All those oppressors. One by one
They fell;
Their blood looked red upon our knives
And swords.
Revenge was sweet, and grew unchecked.
We watched
The guillotine give up her dead
With glee,
And cry for more to bring her axe
Upon.

And now so many years have passed,
And men can work with mind and hand;
We're proud we fought for liberty,
In this our free and prosperous land.

MARGARET FISHER,
Grade IX

Intermediate Literary Competition Prize Poem

Rainy Days

The ground was saturated, and still the rain pelted down on the small farm buildings. In the fields, the cows tried to graze on the soggy grass. The hens huddled in the henhouse to keep themselves warm, their heads under their wings. Old farm cats and little kittens sulked in the barn, while two pups hid under the tractor in the only dry spot they could find.

But inside the toolshed no one was idly waiting for the rain to stop. The farmer was mending a harness, his sons were building a trough for the chickens, and the hired man hammered at a dent in the fender of the new combine.

"You may have no use for this kind of weather," remarked the farmer to the old collie who was gazing forlornly through the doorway, "but we have. When else would we get all these jobs done? And besides, just think how the corn will be shooting up in a day or two after this! No, we couldn't do without a few rainy days."

BETTY NICOL,
Grade VIII

Winter's Night

Cold moon stares on white expanse
And watches Renard's sly advance;
Whirling wisps of snow appear
As rabbits leap the drifts in fear;
Snowy flakes to blanket all
Like stars from heaven gently fall.

Soon the trees begin to wail,
(They're telling of a winter's gale);
Treetops in the wind are tossed;
The moon behind the clouds is lost.
Now the snow falls thick and fast,
Driven by the tempest's blast.

When the night at last gives way
Before the pleasant light of day,
What an artist could have done
With bright blue sky and reddened sun,
And the little chickadees
A-flitting through the frosty trees!

PATRICIA McMAHON,
Grade VIII

All That Glitters . . .

Madeleine waited until her father was comfortably settled with his coffee before bringing up the matter that had been uppermost in her mind all through dinner.

"Dad, there is a conference in New York this Easter," she began, "and all the dramatic clubs are sending two representatives to it. Miss Sparling said I was a possibility for one of ours, and that I should ask you if I could go. May I? Please?"

Mr. Smith would not give an immediate answer. He had a methodical mind, and wanted to know who would be in charge, details of the plans, and other things which were, to Madeleine, quite trivial. However, she promised to find the answers to these questions since without them the idea was obviously not to be considered.

The next day there was a meeting of the Dramatic Club, when Miss Sparling gave them more details about the proposed trip. To Madeleine's dismay, her arch-rival, Jane Patterson, was very interested in it, and, furthermore, her parents had apparently consented without reservation to her going. "If that isn't just like her," thought Madeleine bitterly. "She always gets everything she wants. Well, this is one time when she is going to have to earn it!"

The teacher explained that to qualify for the trip, each person would have to achieve good marks while learning a part from a play to demonstrate his acting ability. The choice would also be made on the basis of the person's ability to work with others, she added. Madeleine resolved to be pleasant to Jane Patterson at all costs.

By dint of ceaseless persuasion, she wrung her parents' consent from them, thus surmounting obstacle Number One. Obstacle Number Two presented a greater difficulty, however, for it concerned that old bugbear, money. The Little Theatre of Hamilton had agreed to pay the railway fares, but that still left the hotel bill. Mr. Smith promised to meet Madeleine half-way on that, and so she began to work towards her goal.

Baby-sitting seemed the most logical way to earn the money, and so almost every evening saw her putting a neighbourhood child to bed. When her homework was done, she spent the evenings learning the part of Portia in the court scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

The day for the test came at last. All morning, lines from the play kept flitting through her mind, but, try as she would, she could not conjure up the whole part. Several times Madeleine came in for rebukes for inattention, and her answers to questions were far enough off the track to bring a gleam into Jane Patterson's eyes. At two o'clock she went to the hall, with her knees knocking like castanets. Once she had begun the opening line, however, Madeleine lost herself in the part as she always did. As soon as she had finished, she returned to class and tried to prepare herself for the possible forthcoming disappointment.

When the bell finally rang for assembly, everyone's excitement had reached fever pitch. The teacher came straight to the point, saying, "We have had a very difficult time choosing from among our excellent candidates, but we have decided that the two who deserve this trip most are David Atkinson and Madeleine Smith." Amid the burst of clapping that followed, Madeleine sat in a happy daze while her friends congratulated her.

The remaining two weeks before their departure flew by. With the financial problem now overcome, Madeleine's thoughts turned to clothes. Mr. Smith hovered suspiciously in the background while several outfits were made, and he was at last persuaded to let her have a new party dress. An added surprise was the gift of a pair of diamond earrings from her aunt, to wear with the new dress. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were astonished at such extravagance, but Madeleine accepted the gift calmly. After all, she had been chosen to go to New York, and so nothing seemed impossible.

Her parents watched her leave with mixed feelings, secretly hoping that all this unaccustomed attention would not spoil their daughter.

The week in New York passed in a whirlwind of dramatic classes, sight-seeing, shopping, and meeting people. On their last night they went to the opening performance of a new Broadway play. When they returned to the hotel and were preparing for bed, Madeleine suddenly gave a shriek.

"One of my earrings is gone!" she exclaimed as she began rummaging in her purse. A frantic hour of searching followed, but it produced nothing. The next day they went back to the theatre and inquired, but the clerk told them that no earring had been found.

During the trip home, the incessant clicking of the train's wheels only served to imprint more firmly in Madeleine's mind the fact that she had lost a diamond earring, an article of great value. While the others reviewed the wonders of the past week, she could only think of her loss, and wonder how she was going to face her family, especially Aunt Connie.

Back in Hamilton, she nearly went hoarse telling of the wonderful time she had had, and asking about local events. Several of her relations, including Aunt Connie, had dropped in to welcome her home, and Madeleine dreaded the moment that one of them would ask a question about her earrings. Fortunately, no one did.

When everyone was leaving, Madeline sighed with relief, determining to tell her family about the loss the next day. As her aunt left the house, she said, "I am so glad you had such a lovely time, dear, and I know you will become a great actress. When you make your debut, I shall give you a pair of real diamond earrings."

SARA ALLAN,
Grade X

The Little Lion-Tamer

Sally Baker was a lion-tamer, or she tried to be. Her father was a very famous animal tamer, and occasionally he gave a show at the circus.

When Sally was six she became fast friends with Leo, Mr. Baker's best performer. Leo took the same place in her life that a cat or dog takes in most other children's. Sally would spend hours at a time training Leo or playing pranks on him, but whatever she did, Leo never growled or clawed at her. Time after time Sally would sit, beaming, as Leo took all the bows for his wonderful performances.

When Sally was ten years old her father gave her permission to enter the lion's cage during the act and perform with Leo. Sally was thrilled and practised her tricks constantly with Leo till they both knew them by heart. When the circus posters came out, Sally proudly showed Leo their pictures.

As the day of their first performance neared, Sally began to feel nervous, but with a little reassurance from her father, all went well. Hearing the thundering applause, Sally felt more at ease. Gradually the act became just a regular routine to her.

One terrible day, however, Leo stumbled and crashed to the floor while balancing on his stool.

The next week, Mr. Baker brought home another lion who had not even attained his full mane. Sally cried bitterly all night at the thought of losing Leo, and vowed she would never enter the ring again. Nevertheless, in the morning, she followed her father into the cage, resolving to help Stevie, the new lion, as best she could.

Slowly and painfully, Sally, Mr. Baker and Leo trained him. In spite of this, the young lion was jealous of the older one, and he constantly growled at Leo, provoking him to fight. Leo, being as wise as he was old, refused to be tempted by these challenges.

Painfully the weeks dragged by, and the season was coming to a close. At last, it was felt that Stevie was ready for the ring which would lead to his fame and Leo's retirement. Sally felt sad when the Grand Finale came; this was to be Leo's last performance in the circus ring.

Stevie, who had never before witnessed the rush and excitement that went on when the circus was preparing to close for winter, became dangerously uneasy. Consequently, when the lion's act came, he was very jumpy and had to be prodded several times with the whip.

After a minute or two, Sally entered the cage and went over to give Leo a reassuring pat before they started. Then she snapped her fingers, calling Stevie over, and as she did so, Mr. Baker turned to face the audience for a second. Stevie crouched. The audience shrieked in terror; Mr. Baker whipped round, firing his gun, but the bullets sailed over Stevie's head as he lunged towards Sally.

Then Leo saw his chance, and with a mighty roar, he sprang from his stool, knocking Stevie off his feet. This was enough, and Stevie backed reluctantly away. Leo, seeing that Sally was safe in her father's arms, returned to his corner. Once again, Leo was the hero of the circus!

SUZANNE EVANS,
Grade VIII

An Interruption

The moon shone down from her heavenly tower
Through the silver leaves of a wilting flower;
All was silent, all was still
In that forest upon the hill.

Although in the daytime they were gay,
Rabbits and squirrels now sleeping lay;
All was silent, all was still
In that forest upon the hill.

The deer were sleeping in coverts when
An owl went "Who!" in the night, and then
All was silent, all was still
In that forest upon the hill.

NORA BAKER,
Grade VII

The First Supper

As a new-born baby enters the alien world, so did I enter Balmoral Hall's dining room one fall evening two long years ago. Timidly following the processior, I took my place behind a chair. During grace, my anxious stomach grumbled continuously until I was positive all eyes were focussed on me. As soon as the "Amen" was said, I pulled back my chair which screeched piercingly over the freshly waxed tiles.

As I peered at the conglomeration of pickles, flowers, jugs, and strange faces, I felt a wild desire to take refuge under the table. But, summoning all my courage, I snatched my napkin and unfolded it neatly in my lap.

Then it began! Plates this way, no, that way; all as organized as a production line in a factory. When the delicious-looking food ceased whizzing by, I uttered my first word of the evening, "P . . . pa . . . pardon?" The tall girl with the horn-rimmed glasses patiently repeated her question, "Would you care for a glass of milk?" In my confusion, I said I would, when I would really have preferred water.

I felt a polite tap on my shoulder and heard a whispered, "Please pass the pickles." Everyone began to eat. I glanced at the inviting food placed before me, and as a feeling of homesickness swept over me, I suddenly lost my appetite.

Placing my left hand carefully in my lap, I realized with horror that my napkin had disappeared! Casually leaning back, I glanced under the table, and there it lay, just a few inches from my feet. I placed the toe of my shoe on its corner and dragged it to the edge of the chair. With great dexterity I manoeuvred it up the chair leg into my hand. Clutching it with firm resolution, I tucked it into the top of my skirt.

Once more concentrating on my dinner, I clasped my fork and began eating. The green peas seemed but a menace, as each time I successfully gathered a few on my fork, they fell back again with a noisy "plop." Taking my knife, I realized that everyone was skilfully using both knife and fork together. And so, not wishing to be a "black sheep," I desperately tried to eat with both tools.

Finally, the slim, dark-haired girl on my left attempted to begin a conversation with the usual, "What is your name, and where are you from?" Answering in my loudest voice, which at that time resembled my grandmother's voice when stricken with laryngitis, I said, "Karen Jones, from Ontario." At this, she laughed gaily and told me that her mother had sent her to a private school for the sake of "keeping up with the Joneses." At that moment, however, I felt that the Joneses were having trouble keeping up with themselves.

Unconsciously, I started to relax and even to enjoy myself. When I had finished, I placed my knife and fork together on my plate, and was relieved to notice that everyone else had done likewise. I watched the two girls effortlessly clearing the table and wondered how long it would take me to learn.

As the strawberry shortcake was placed before me, my appetite quickly returned, and with great relish, I tasted the rich whipped cream.

Soon everyone was talking freely, and we all seemed like old friends. By the time that the concluding grace was said, all tension had disappeared and I felt quite at home.

KAREN JONES,
Grade X

The Ballad of Wolseley Street

Come listen now; all gather round,
Whilst I a story tell
About a tree on Wolseley Street
The city wish'd to fell.

There came five men with axe and saw
To smite its noble brow;
The women of the neighbourhood
Began to raise a row.

They ranged themselves around the tree
That bright and sunny day,
They would not let the men approach
To take their tree away.

"Now, ladies ye must all be off,"
A stern policeman said.
But the ladies did not move; eftsoons,
The policeman moved instead.

The city called upon the Mayor
To come and still the crowd.
He came—and drove away the men;
The women cheered right loud.

"Come down now, birdie, from that tree,"
The women loudly cried.
The workman came right swiftly down,
Though blushing like a bride.

The workmen left; the crowd dispersed,
The autumn wind blew chill,
And thus today, in majesty,
The victor stands there still.

SARA ALLAN,
Grade X

Decision

I was looking for a nice kind of book,
 So I gave the librarian a nice little look.
 Then she whispered to me,
 "Would you like to see
 On the library shelves
 Some books about elves?"
 Then I slowly did sigh,
 But again she did try.
 "Would you care for a book," she said,
 "Perhaps a book on horses instead?"
 But I suddenly decided to take the book
 Of the adventurer "Captain Cook".

GAIL LONG,
 Grade VII

Something to Live For

"It is up to you, Tim. We are doing our best, but you've got to help us."

Tim Paisley opened his burning eyes and looked up with difficulty at the serious, calm face. He ached unbearably all over. His lips were dry and cracked and his head seemed to be on fire. He blinked and tried to focus on the man standing beside his small, clean hospital cot.

It was the middle-aged Doctor Simmons. He was a minister and medical doctor, and Tim had often watched his kind eyes and steady, sure hand as he went about his work at this mission and medical station.

Tim had jungle fever.

He was the best pilot of the few who had volunteered to fly medical supplies and provisions between this station in Africa and Canada. There was little pay, and it was an exhausting, thankless job, so that good pilots did not usually offer their services. Tim had, because he had no family or friends for whom he felt any responsibility, and the job promised the excitement he craved.

He looked at the window and was vaguely surprised that it was dark. He must have been delirious this afternoon, he decided. He could hear the insects humming, and they seemed to be trying their hardest to get through the holes in the screen. Tim looked back at the doctor.

"I'm not going to fight it," he muttered, barely audibly. "I've got nothing to live for."

"But you have. You must try and . . ." The words were lost in the roaring in Tim's ears, as he slipped into unconsciousness.

He seemed to be half stumbling, half falling, down some steep, charred stairs. Little tongues of flame flickered under his blundering feet. There was a red haze everywhere, and an oppressive, damp heat.

He was now in a large cavern at the bottom of the stairs. He limped painfully along, and suddenly, he saw a man standing with his back to him.

"I want to get out." Tim's voice seemed like another's. The person turned slowly and Tim recognized the serious face.

"Are you quite sure? You have so much to live for," came an expressionless voice.

"I tell you, I want to get out. I can't stand this torture. How do I get out?"

The figure pointed straight ahead, and Tim started again. It seemed to be getting cooler, and he hurried on.

Then, a low wail greeted his ears. He looked around. There, on the stairs, was a group of natives with their arms outstretched towards him. Their contorted faces and grotesque bodies mirrored pain and suffering. The wailing became louder.

"We need you. Don't leave us!" they moaned.

Tim clapped his hands to his ears and tried to make for the beckoning coolness, but his feet were suddenly leaden.

"The further you go, the harder it will be to come back," said the figure beside him. Tim stopped. For a moment he seemed to waver, then he found himself struggling back to the stairs. He started to climb. Higher and higher he went, through the swirling steam. He seemed to be walking up the inside of a live volcano. He stumbled and lay gasping, and got up and staggered on. He fell again—surely he could not go on. He looked back. He could see the entrance to the cavern, and remembered the blessed coolness he had so nearly reached. All he had to do was . . .

"Don't leave us!" rang in his ears. He struggled up a few more steps. Only three more. He was crawling on his hands and knees, panting and gasping. Two more—one more. He put both his swollen hands on it, and with one last effort, he heaved himself over it, into fathomless darkness.

Now he was falling, falling, falling, and now another bright light.

Tim Paisley opened his eyes. Light was streaming through the windows. Perspiration was running down his face in torrents, but he felt cool and refreshed.

"It's all over, Tim." The haggard face of Dr. Simmons was smiling at him. Tim grinned back weakly. "I guess you were right," he said.

LOUISE MCKENTY
 Grade IX

OUR JUNIORS



THE KINDERGARTEN

Night

Night is the time when all are asleep;
Night is the time when ghosts start to creep,
And mothers sing their babies to sleep;
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.

KAY WILSON,
Grade IV

Bath Time

I've washed my face,
I've washed my feet and tummy,
I've washed my neck and knees;
Can I get out now, Mummy?

SUSAN WESTON,
Grade III

Snow in Spring

I looked in the garden;
I saw the white snow fall;
I looked because it wasn't
The time for snow at all.

JANE FERGUSON,
Grade II

My Teddy

I have a little Teddy,
Panda is his name;
I go to bed with him each night,
He snuggles up to me so tight.

JO-ANNE WHITMORE,
Grade II

Skating

I like to skate,
But I don't like to wait
For winter to come
When I can skate.

DEBORAH RILEY,
Grade I

Our Pet

His eyes are black, beady, and bright,
His nose a twitching pink;
He does his housework in the night;
He loves his food and drink.

He's furry and brown,
He's tame as tame;
Little Hamster is his name.

DEBORAH DICKSON,
Grade II

The Fiery Dragon

Once there was a boy named Terry. He had a dragon for a pet. His name was Blackie. Terry's mother did not know what to give Blackie to eat. She thought perhaps the dragon could talk. One day, while Terry was at school, she asked Blackie what he would like to eat. Blackie could talk. He told her he just loved matches and paper. He liked a bit of wood for dessert. At lunch time she fed him. After she fed him, he started breathing fire. She screamed and phoned the fire department. The firemen came and put out the fire in Blackie's great big mouth. Then Blackie thanked them for the drink of water, because he had been very thirsty. The firemen, very surprised, went back to the fire station.

When Terry came home, his mother was taking Blackie to the veterinary. Terry wanted to go too so his mother took him. When the veterinary saw Blackie, he told them he was homesick for his cave. Terry did not know where he could find a cave at first, but he found out that there were caves in the mountains nearby. So he turned Blackie loose and told him to find a home. He did not know that Blackie found a cave and lived happily ever after.

NANCY NELSON,
Grade III

Moving

Moving is a real chore;
Men in and out of every door,
People packing boxes, people carrying things,
What a lot of trouble moving-day brings!

KATHRYN NELSON,
Grade IV

Courage

King Albert Arthur had courage. He always faced his enemies face to face. He had knights, too. He had a wife and two daughters and one boy. He had cooks and maids. He had gold, silver, diamonds, and rubies which he wore around his neck. One night the castle was surrounded by strange knights. They said that if he did not give them what they wanted, they would burn his castle.

King Albert Arthur had courage. He would not give them everything in the castle including his wife, two daughters and his boy. He would fight if he had to. He put on his armour and took his sword and went out to challenge them one by one, and he won the battle. It took courage too. Now King Albert Arthur is an old man but he still remembers the day well.

VIRGINIA COLWILL,
Grade III

Shadows

I like to play outside with my shadow. I play and play and play with my shadow. I keep my shadow near me. I have lots of fun with my shadow. I dig and it digs. When I play, it plays with me too. I love to have fun with my shadow. I go up the hill; it goes up the hill. When I go down the hill, it comes along. Some boys came and made lots of shadows. The house makes a shadow too. Some birds in trees make shadows. Sometimes the shadow is big. Sometimes the shadow is small.

RHONDA SMERCHANSKI,
Grade II



GRADE ONE ON THE SLIDE

A Horse Named Spirit

Spirit was born among loud shouts and the sound of guns, for his mother, Lady Ellen, and his father, Flag, were horses that carried soldiers and officers to and from battles.

When the men saw Spirit they could not decide what to do. "We will have to shoot him," said some. "We cannot spare Lady Ellen and Flag and we cannot look after him ourselves."

Then Lieutenant Carter stepped up to the Colonel and said, "May I have him, Sir?"

"Very well," said the Colonel, "but I do not see what use he can be to you."

Time passed quickly, and in a year the war was over. During that time Spirit grew to love his master more and more and even the Colonel was beginning to think Spirit had some good in him.

When the time came for Lieutenant Carter to leave Holland for his home in Kamloops, B.C., he had a lot of trouble getting Spirit on to the boat for Spirit had never seen such a large boat.

When the Lieutenant reached Kamloops his wife, Ann, met him with a sad face.

"Things haven't been going well, have they?" he asked her.

"No, they haven't. Ever since you left things have been going wrong," answered his wife. "We may have to sell the farm."

"We won't do that," said her husband firmly. Then he led her over to where Spirit was waiting for him. "Maybe he's the answer," he said. "His name is Spirit and he's as fast as greased lightning. I'm going to enter him in the Fall race. The prize is two thousand dollars."

So Spirit spent the summer in hard training for the race.

The day of the race was cold and nippy. It was just the kind of day the Carters had been hoping for. Just before Ann took Spirit's blanket off, she whispered, "Please do your best, please."

Then the Lieutenant came up, mounted, waved, and rode away.

"Good luck," Ann called after them. "Good luck."

Five minutes later she was sitting in the grandstand, her hands clenched and her face white. She watched the horses coming down the home stretch with Spirit gaining fast on the leading horse, Black Boy.

Then, in a flash the race was over, and Spirit had won.

Later, after Ann had congratulated her husband, she went over to Spirit, put her arm around his neck and said, "You're a wonderful horse, aren't you?" and Spirit agreed with a nod of his head.

KATHRYN NEILSON,
Grade IV

I Wonder Why

I wonder why the grass is green;
I wonder why the wind's not seen;
I wonder why the birds can fly;
I wonder why.

I wonder why the bubbly stream
Makes people want to lie and dream;
I wonder why the weedless field
Has so much corn and wheat to yield;
I wonder why.

I wonder why the colourful flowers
To grow, need sun and gentle showers;
I wonder why the nightingale sings;
I wonder, oh! so many things.

LAURIE GRANT,
Grade V

The Fiery Dragon

There once was a King. He had a beautiful palace, trees, and everything a King could want. But there was only one thing that worried him. It was the Fiery Dragon. That dragon could make fire come out of his claws, out of his mouth, eyes, and tail. At night he would come to the King's palace and take the most beautiful maiden away. At last the King got tired of it, and said he would not have it any longer.

One brave and handsome knight, called Black Beard, thought of all the beautiful maidens taken away by the wicked dragon, for among them was the one he was going to marry. He went to the King to see if he would let him go and search for the dragon. The King said he could.

He travelled and travelled. One day he found an old cave. He heard somebody come out of the cave, and it was the dragon. He quickly dressed in his dragon's costume, and paced an electric tube so that fire would come out of his claws, mouth, tail, and eyes.

He went over to the real dragon and asked, "Why do you torment people?"

"If you are a dragon, you should behave like one," came the reply.

"Well, you see I come from a different land."

"Different land?" He had fainted.

Black Beard got a sword and stabbed the beast twice, because dragons have to be stabbed twice before they are killed. He went in and rescued the twelve maidens, but there were only eleven horses there. So the one he was going to marry rode on his horse.

When they got to the palace, Black Beard got married to the maiden, and at the feast they had dragon's meat, and they lived happily ever after.

JUDITH CLOUGH,
Grade IV

The Golliwog's Dream

One night as the Golliwog lay in his old big bed, he dreamed a very peculiar dream which I will tell you.

The Golliwog dreamed that he was walking in the woods one day, picking flowers. But he didn't know he was walking into the witches' forest. The trees he passed weren't really trees, but they were really goblins of all sorts.

As he went on, he often leaned against a tree, and one he leaned against was a very ticklish goblin. The goblin at once began to giggle and the Golliwog heard him.

Then all the trees started changing into their goblin faces, and at once the Golliwog began to run. The trees were in a straight line each side. Then he realized he was getting out of breath. At the end, the big old witch jumped out in front of him and cackled and cackled. Then the Golliwog started to go back, but one of the trees stuck out its branch and the Golliwog tripped over it. The old witch was just about to pounce on him when suddenly one of the springs popped up from the old bed, gave the Golliwog a pinch, and woke him up. But I don't think he would have wanted to finish the dream anyway.

HEATHER CAMPBELL,
Grade V

Lester B. Pearson

This is a personal story about my uncle, Lester B. Pearson. As you probably know, he is very amusing. When he stays with us, and that is usually for a few winks of sleep and a piece of toast, he always manages something that makes us roar with laughter. He has a gift for turning up-setting situations into funny ones.

When I was a little girl and just learning to ride a bike, Daddy would put me on it and pushed me down the hill. I always fell off in the thistles at the bottom of the hill and cried. Then once when "Uncle Mike" came, he rode my same small bike down the hill. We laughed so hard I completely forgot to be sad. And what other grown-up besides Uncle Mike would run down our hill in a strong wind with his coat flying behind, using it as a sail?

When we heard late in October that Pearson, as the papers call him, had won the Nobel Peace Prize I did not understand what it meant, therefore I did not know how great a man it took to win the award. When he again came to stay, he was going across Canada making speeches. All I could say was, "Congratulations. Gee you're lucky."

"Thank you," was the calm answer.

Uncle Mike was the first Canadian to win this Prize and the first in two years to receive it. He was so surprised and moved that the papers say he was thunderstruck by the news. Only a few people have ever won this award and among them is the famous Albert Schweitzer. I am very proud that Uncle Mike was given this very great honour.

JANE MOODY,
Grade VI



GRADES TWO AND THREE

The Big, Bold Pirate

The big bold pirates of the seven seas
 Started their voyage when the sails caught the
 breeze.

In search of great treasures a boat they sank;
 They saved the women, but the men walked the
 plank.

The frightened women for ransom they sold
 In exchange for a shipload full of gold.

After several days they sighted land
 Where gold was said to be at hand;
 They docked at port, their shovels were unloaded,
 And to save some work, dynamite was exploded.
 For several days they dug in ditches,
 And as a reward they struck many riches.

They pulled up the anchor and sailed off again
 To find other riches on the old Spanish Main.

IRENE BROWN,
 Grade VI

The Voyage of the Hernandos

Have you ever had a real adventure? I have.
 Would you like to hear about it?

We left Spain with a cargo of valuable jewels
 and were bound for England. The ship we were
 sailing was called the Hernandos. We had only
 four cannons to protect the cargo and there were
 pirates roaming these waters.

For two days everything went well. Then a
 strong west wind came up and blew us far off
 our course. Out here there were no friendly ships
 to help us should we need help. We did! Our
 ship had sprung a small leak, but however small,
 the leak was serious enough. We managed to
 patch it, but that was not to be the end of our
 troubles. Our sails were torn by the wind, and
 we drifted with no one on board knowing where
 we were.

Three days passed and we drifted to shore. It
 was a strange shore, but at least it gave us a chance
 to mend our sails. Then, suddenly, a horde of
 strange people came rushing at us. They had
 dark skins and only a small piece of cloth about
 their middles. They were Indians, and they were
 wild! Quickly we sailed to safety.

We were now short of supplies, but we saw a
 ship in the distance. It looked like a familiar
 ship, and it was. We sailed up beside it to ask if
 they would give us some supplies as we were in
 great need.

We were terrified to find that it was manned by
 pirates.

We were all captured and were forced to join
 the ship's original crew in the hold where they
 were all tied. There was hardly enough rope,

so we were not tied very securely, and several of
 us managed to get free and untie the rest. Now we
 had two crews and could easily overpower the
 pirates. The only problem was the door. It
 was locked, but with so many of us, it was soon
 opened.

Then began the battle. We secured weapons
 and started fighting. Soon we had the pirates in
 the hold tied securely. The pirates who had
 taken over the Hernandos surrendered when they
 saw what had happened.

Both ships sailed to England and the pirates
 were placed in prison and the jewels were delivered
 safely. Our adventure did not end so tragically
 after all.

IRENE HUEBERT,
 Grade VI

Swimming

I love to go swimming
 In a big, big pool,
 When the water is warm
 And not very cool.

For if it was cool,
 I would shiver and shake;
 I must obey rules
 Or I'll get tummy ache.

JEAN RILEY,
 Grade III

Over the Hill

Over the hill once lived a wicked witch who
 was always sad. She never could cast a spell on
 the princess. So she stopped and decided to catch
 her. But how? She decided to disguise herself.
 She dressed like the Duchess of Ireland. She
 got to the palace and knocked at the door and
 walked in. The usher took her to the princess's
 bedroom and she caught the princess and took her
 to the cave over the hill.

The cave was dark and it was cold, and the
 princess soon started to shiver. She wanted to go
 home because she was scared. The witch was
 ugly; her nose was long and fat. She had on a
 tall black hat. O, how the princess wished she
 could see her mother and father.

At the palace they decided to surround the
 witch and get the princess. So the guards took
 their guns and set off for the cave. They attacked
 the cave and got the princess. They rode over
 the hill to the palace. They lived happily ever
 after.

DIANNE CRAIB,
 Grade III

A Little Rabbit

I have a rabbit
His fur is nice and white;
He plays all day
And sleeps at night.

CATHERINE NEWCOMBE,
Grade I

The King's Weakness

Once upon a time, far, far away, there lived a king. His name was King Motteran and very wicked he was. Any time the king went walking, which was very often, the people of the town would run into their houses and shut and bolt the doors for fear he would cut off their heads.

The king had reigned now for two years and the population of the town had been reduced from seven thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two, to six thousand, seven hundred and eighty-one. The townspeople were becoming tired of always running away, so they gathered together one dark night to decide what they could do about it.

They were talking and debating when a very elderly man said, "The King must have a weakness; everybody has."

"But, what could it be?" said one.

"What do most wicked kings hate?" said another.

"I have it," said a third. "Flowers!"

"But how can we be sure?" said another.

"Well, he seems to hate anything nice, so let's try the nicest thing there is," said the elderly man.

"We can ask the kitchen maids to decorate all the plates with flowers. We will ask them to put flowers in every vase in the castle," said the leader.

"We shall make him sneeze so much that he will be glad to be a pleasant king, great for his kindness," said one.

And so they began. Everybody wore flowers. They put flowers in their houses. Flowers were planted everywhere.

In the castle the king was sneezing and becoming quite furious, until almost in a split second it happened. His eyes got bigger and the frown turned to a smile. He stopped sneezing and it was as if a spell had come over him.

Then he said, "Everybody celebrate! I feel so happy."

Everybody did celebrate and they too were very happy. From that time on the king had a new weakness—seeing that his subjects were always happy.

MARGOT BROWN,
Grade VI

My Trees

I walked along a tree filled lane,
I smiled a happy smile;
I thought of how I'd grown those trees
That stretch from mile to mile.

I walked along a treeless lane,
A tear was in my eye;
I thought of how the fire destroyed
My trees that towered so high.

MARGARET ARNOTT,
Grade VI

The Bold Bad Pirate

The bold, bad pirate of Huckerdydee
Was a mean and fearless man;
He killed many men while on the sea,
With a cutlass in his hand.

He had a ship called the Dragondondee,
And a rough and scurvy crew;
One night, while on the stormy sea,
His ship was sunk in the blue.

GWEN SIEMENS,
Grade VI

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We are pleased to acknowledge many interesting and useful gifts to the school this past year and are also grateful to the parents and friends of Balmoral Hall who have contributed to the Prize and Scholarship Fund and to the Bursary Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts:

Encyclopaedia Canadiana — for Senior School Library.

Encyclopaedia Canadiana — for Junior School Library.

Filing Cabinet for Music.

A very much needed new flag.

Books for Junior and Senior Libraries.

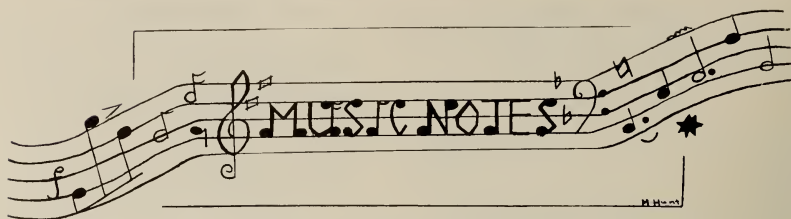
Subscription to Metropolitan Seminars in Art.

Record holder for Junior School Library.

Rug for the Boarders' Sitting-Room.

Playground Equipment — the gift of the Mothers' Auxiliary and Graduates of 1954-1956.

Special Shield for recording names of School Captains — gift of Graduates of 1957.



Singing at Balmoral Hall

Great emphasis is placed on singing at Balmoral Hall and greater enthusiasm than ever before has been indicated this year by the waiting list for a position in the School Choir and by the formation of a Choral Group.

The Choir has had a busy year, beginning in November when they joined the Choir of St. John's College for their Commemoration Service at the Cathedral. Special preparation for the Christmas Service was very worthwhile and the carols created the musical background for the acting and reading of the Christmas Story. Outstanding was the effort made by the Choir on that occasion. At intervals during the year they have sung anthems including, "Awake Thou Wintry Earth", a Dutch carol of the seventeenth century; "O Sacred Head", a Bach Chorale, and "Doubt Not Thy Father's Care", by Elgar.

The Choral Group was a new venture. A group of sixteen senior girls meets with Mrs. Birse each Tuesday after school for sight-reading and special singing. This group sang "Lo How a Rose" at the Carol Service and since then has had great fun preparing, among many others, "The Glenlyon Lament" and "Little David, Play on Your Harp" for the May Recital.

This has been an exciting year for all who were fortunate enough to be in the Choir or who joined the Choral Group. Weekly singing classes continue, with emphasis being placed on diction, colour and shape. What a Choir Balmoral Hall will have some day, and we say a very real thank you to Mrs. Birse who, we think, has performed miracles.

PAMELA MACCHARLES,
Grade X

The Carol Service

The gymnasium was quiet, lighted only by the Christmas trees on the walls, and in the air there was a faint trace of incense. It was December 18, and the scene was set for the Carol Service. Each girl in the choir carried a candle as they led the school in procession singing "Once in Royal David's City" and "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."

After a short opening prayer by the Reverend G. F. Dyker, the story of the Nativity was presented in the traditional way. The Carol Service has become the heart of Balmoral Hall's observation of Christmas, and it is a much-coveted privilege to be one of the small group of senior girls who have an active part, either as a reader, or in one of the simple but moving tableaux through which the Christmas story is unfolded.

The singing of the Choir and the School, which links the episodes in the story and reflects their moods, added greatly to the beauty of the service, and as the school and the choir left the gymnasium during the recessional, "The First Nowell", everyone felt once more the wonder and joy of Christmas.

BETTY MCRAE

The Celebrity Concerts

During the winter we have enjoyed tastes of many varied forms of musical art. There was the spirited dancing of the American Ballet Theatre, the thrilling performance of "Carmen" by the Wagner Grand Opera Company, and in contrast, a relaxing evening of singing by Thomas L. Thomas.

Among the solo instrumentalists, some of us preferred Berl Senofsky, the violinist, others especially liked Jose Iturbi, but we were all extremely impressed by Glenn Gould's masterly performance of Bach's "Goldberg Variations" for which Mr. Gould has become justly noted.

One of the highlights of the season was the concert by the Obenkirchen Children's Choir. Their singing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was particularly captivating, and their departure with "The Happy Wanderer" made a delightful ending.

The last concert was the Roger Wagner Chorale performance of "Oklahoma." This was in a decidedly lighter vein, but made a very popular conclusion to a season of good music.

SHIRLEY DONALDSON,
Grade X

SENIOR PIANOFORTE AND SINGING RECITAL

May 30th, 1958

O CANADA

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Junior High School Choir | THE MOON | Schubert |
| | MARIANINA | Italian Folk Song |
| 2. Duet—Nora Baker, Linda Leach | Theme from THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY | Schubert |
| Solo—Marged Thomas | TOCCATINA | Kabalevsky |
| Solo—Marilyn Glesby | | |
| 3. The School Choir | LET THINE EYES | Mendelssohn |
| | AWAKE, THOU WINTRY EARTH | Dutch Carol |
| | | 17th Century |
| 4. Solo—Anne Sellers | ADAGIO | Kuhlan |
| Duet—Joan Gallie, Linda Pitt | MINUET from SAMSON | Handel |
| Solo—Lori McDougall | ECOSSAISES | Beethoven |
| 5. The Choral Group | THE GLENLYON LAMENT | Hugh S. Robertson |
| | LITTLE DAVID, PLAY ON YOUR HARP | Negro Spiritual |
| | VALE in G Flat, Opus 70 | Chopin |
| 6. Solo—Margaret Kosinski | SPANISH DANCE | Mozzkowski |
| Duet—Carol Ann Fields, | SONATO—1st Movement, Opus 120 | Schubert |
| Penelope Shoemaker | CONDUCTED ROUNDS | |
| Solo—Valerie Saul | FANTASIA IN D MINOR | Mozart |
| 7. Junior High School | NOCTURNE | Grieg |
| 8. Solo—Jacqueline Duncan | MALAGUENA | Lecuona |
| Solo—Diane McNaughton | THE GRACEFUL SWAYING WATTLE | Frank Bridge |
| Solo—Heather Miller | THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT | Hugh S. Robertson |
| 9. Senior High School Choir | THE QUEEN | |



A SENIOR DANCE GROUP
M. Fisher, E. Glena, D. D. Washington, M. Gooder.

Results of Royal Academy of Dancing Examinations—May, 1958

ELEMENTARY	MARGARET FISHER	INTERMEDIATE	MARGARET FISHER
	ELAINE GLENA		MARGARET GOODER
	MARGARET GOODER		DONNA DAY WASHINGTON
		ADVANCED	DONNA DAY WASHINGTON

LIBRARY REPORT

Senior Library

Another year's experience with the Dewey Decimal System has made more of us familiar with it. As a result, circulation has run smoothly and we have been pleased with the number of people using the Library, which has increased in size and scope during the year.

Young Canada's Book Week saw a great increase in activity as girls sought for answers to the Library Quiz. The winner of the Quiz from Grades X-XII was Valerie Saul, and from Grades VII-IX, Patricia McMahon. Glen Gairn House obtained the highest number of points, which were awarded for all completed entries as well as for final results. Special congratulations go to the juniors for their enthusiastic efforts to perfect their papers.

Through the generosity of James Richardson and Sons, the Library is acquiring the Encyclopedia Canadiana as the volumes are published. We feel that this up-to-date publication is of particular value to us as Canadians. We have also added several periodicals, including three educational publications in French.

We are very grateful to all the parents who responded so generously to the appeal for books by specific authors. Within two days of the lists being taken home, fifty books had arrived, all in excellent condition.

As a result of gifts and purchases, our Library now contains over twenty-six hundred books. Since September, approximately one hundred and fifty have been given, and over fifty bought. The processing of these newly-acquired books has been a considerable task for the members of the Executive and Committee, but thanks to their efforts the new books have been rapidly put into circulation. We are extremely grateful to Mrs. Leach for having come to teach us the art of repairing and rebinding books. This has been a valuable experience for us all.

It is hoped that the selection and ordering of new books will be simplified by the new order card file by which details of suggested purchases by the Library are submitted for consideration.

This year the scope of the Library has been widened to include long-playing records, our first acquisitions being "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet."

In conclusion, I should like to thank the mothers for their continual help and suggestions, and the Library Executive and Committee for their efficiency in promoting the smooth running of the Library.

ELSIE ALBERTSEN,
Chief Librarian

Junior Library

This past year has been a busy and fruitful one for the Junior Library. The combined efforts of Miss Jennings, the mothers, and the girls themselves, have produced a very efficiently-run library. We are especially grateful to Mrs. Moody who chose many of the new books, and to Mrs. Pennock and Mrs. Ferguson who processed them.

The Executive and Committee of the Senior Library have spent hours processing new books and repairing old ones. The books in the easy-reading section have been marked with red tape for picture books, and green for the "very easy to read" books. Jackie Duncan and Shirley Donaldson have come in once a week to help with circulation. Extensive plans for checking and for bringing the cataloguing up to date are going into effect and will be completed by June.

A number of French books have been bought, and take their place with the French records. Several other types of record also occupy a prominent position in the Library in a record holder given by Mrs. Sellers.

An outstanding event of the year was an entertaining puppet show given by Grade Six on "How to Use a Library." Another highlight was the processing of the thousandth book, "Arabian Nights." We are grateful to the many parents and friends whose gifts of books have helped to build the Junior Library to its present size.

The Library has been well used on all occasions and all the members of the Junior School have contributed something, by reports of their favourite books, and by suggestions of all kinds, to a very successful year.

JACQUELINE DUNCAN
SHIRLEY DONALDSON

THE LIBRARY EXECUTIVE 1957-1958

Chief Librarian—ELSIE ALBERTSEN

Gail Allman	Patricia Moss
Helen Smith	Jane Ross
Faith Wilson	Fay Sadler

Committee

Sara Allan	Heather Miller
Shirley Donaldson	Pamela MacCharles
Jacqueline Duncan	Lori McDougall

THE LIBRARIANS AT WORK



The Preparation of New Books

Every new book goes through several processes before it is ready for circulation. The final stage is the marking of the classification number on the spine, which is then sprayed with a protective coating before the book goes on to the shelves.

Circulation

Members of the Library Executive are responsible for the circulation of the books. When a book is taken out, a card is signed by the borrower, and filed according to the date by which it should be returned.



Repairing Books

Books returned to the Library with loose or torn pages, or any other damage, are carefully repaired before they go back on to the shelves.



SCHOOL



ACTIVITIES



Literary Society

OFFICERS

Honorary President.....	Jennifer Young
President	Margaret Gillespie
First Vice-President	Elizabeth Kilgour
Second Vice-President	Barbara Park
Secretary	Gail Allman
Treasurer	Elsie Albertsen
Social Convenor	Naomi Genser

The Literary Society is a new organization in the School, and we feel that it has had a successful first year. The society was formed by the students, with the guidance of Miss Murrell-Wright and the support of the staff.

One of its primary objectives is to enable the senior students to become familiar with the rules of parliamentary procedure. Public speaking is encouraged at all meetings. Members make motions, discuss problems, ask questions and move votes of thanks, and we hope that this basic training will help us to hold executive positions with confidence later in life.

The programmes, which have been varied, included a play-reading of "The Bishop's Candlesticks," directed by Miss Cook, and a discussion of current affairs organized by Mrs. McEwen. At another meeting, Miss Mann, Director of Social Work at the University of Manitoba, spoke to us about work in that field.

The Society has been well supported by the students, and everyone hopes to see it continued, and its activity expanded, next year.

GAIL ALLMAN

16th Brownie Pack

Our Brownie Pack consists of twenty-two girls who are divided into four Sixes. The leaders of the Sixes are Madeline Murray, Heather Campbell, Rose Gibbins and Penny Macdonald.

At a Fly-Up ceremony held last October, twelve Brownies were presented with "Wings" by our Commissioners, Mrs. J. Courts and Mrs. K. Jones. These girls have since joined other Guide companies. At the same ceremony we said good-bye to Mrs. Nelson Colville who had been our Brown Owl for the past three years.

On December 10 Mrs. Colville returned to enrol six new Brownies. As this was our last meeting of the Christmas term, we held our Christmas party at the same time. We are very grateful to the Brownie mothers who provided refreshments and assisted at the meetings on both these occasions.

On Thinking Day, February 23, the Pack attended a very impressive Thinking Day ceremony at the Arena. Since January, the Brownies have been very busy working for their Golden Bar and Golden Hand badges.

E. WEBB,
Brown Owl

The Lilac-Mission Tea

For the first time in the eight years that it has been held, the Lilac-Mission Tea came at the time when the lilacs were in bloom and luxuriant mauve lilacs lined the entrance to the Junior School and the gymnasium.

As soon as one entered the gymnasium it was evident that this special Tea is a House event. Each House had its corner in the room with its own tea-table having a beautiful centre-piece in the House colour. The House Heads, helped by their Seniors, had spent many days of careful planning and every girl did her part in serving, or in the many behind-the-scene jobs that such an occasion produces.

As well as the Tea, the Houses had also arranged a games-room which was filled with eager participants all afternoon, and a Home-Cooking booth where the Mothers' delectable cakes, cookies and candy were soon purchased by our guests. A welcome adjunct to the games-room was a refreshment stand which did a roaring trade in hot dogs and lemonade.

We were delighted to welcome a large gathering of parents and friends at the Tea, and our efforts were well rewarded by the announcement that we had earned over \$650.00 which will more than cover our missionary obligations which include the Gimli Fresh-Air Camp, a Hospital cot in India, and the "Sunday School by Post."

LINDA RIDDELL

The Hallowe'en Party

The initiation of new girls is always the main feature of Balmoral Hall's Hallowe'en Party, which is planned and organized by the prefects. It was held this year on Friday, November 1st, and, as usual, the school formed the audience as the rather apprehensive new girls paraded into the gymnasium encouraged by the gay music of the piano. Cameras flashed from all corners of the room as the colourful procession of animals, musicians, peasants, and babies was led in by a sedate young nineteenth century couple.

The Grade VII new girls opened the programme with a scene from "Winnie The Pooh," and "The King's Breakfast," which were amusing and well presented. Following these, was a picture of Grade VIII "By Night and Day." Will we ever forget the eastern slave dancers' tango to "Hernando's Hide-Away"? Two Grade XII students gave a hilarious skit portraying a few weeks in the life of two young lovers, John and Marsha. The only words spoken were "John" and "Marsha" but the wide range of tone and inflexion enabled these two words to speak volumes. Grade X presented a clever comedy, "The Lamp Went Out." The humour lay in the fact that the words of the narrator were interpreted literally by the actors. For example, following the words, "She swept into the room," in came Mother pushing a broom. A shorter item was a comical race between two babies in drinking a bottle of milk and eating crackers.

The new girls having proved their ability in singing, dancing, and acting, in a very varied programme, the audience and performers merged and everyone went to the dining room where hot dogs, soft drinks and doughnuts were served amid much chatter about the preceding events.

The climax of the evening came with the prefects' presentation of "Cindelelli," a highly original version of Cinderella in fanciful Chinese style. Perhaps the most amusing scene was the Royal Ball, at which the Prince, Cindelelli, and the rest of the court, shuffled in procession with minute steps, and humming a weird tune.

After a gay sing-song, the party ended, the new girls feeling no longer "new," and looking forward to next year when they would enjoy the efforts of others.

Junior Hallowe'en Party

On Wednesday, October 30th, we had a very nice Hallowe'en party. First we had a Grand March. Then we went up to the front of the gymnasium to introduce ourselves. There were witches and ghosts, clowns and gypsies. There

was even a Christopher Robin. After that all the grades from One to Six did different acts. Grade Three played forfeits, and Grade Two did a relay race on brooms around the pumpkins. Grade Four talked French to us. Grade Five and Six did a Hallowe'en play about a little girl who could not go out on Hallowe'en, and a pumpkin face came in and took her to Hallowe'en Land. We sat around in circles and had ice-cream and cookies. Our mothers were invited and we were glad that many of them came. Then it was time to go home, and all of us shook hands with Miss Murrell-Wright. We were given an apple as we went out. We all had a lovely time.

VICKI GRIFFITHS,
JEAN RILEY,
SUSAN WESTON
Grade III

"Cupid Capers"

Friday, February 14th, became a date with a new significance on Balmoral Hall's social calendar with "Cupid Capers," the first Valentine Dance to be held at the school for some years. Despite twelve below zero weather, many came to the Dance, including staff and alumnae, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

The decorations in the gymnasium followed the Valentine theme in an original and effective way. Cupid and heart mobiles hung from the ceiling in profusion, accenting a four-foot cupid in the centre. Red velvet drapes hung on each side of the entrance, and small replicas of the mobiles covered the walls. These decorations were planned and carried out by a committee of girls, who are to be congratulated for their artistic work.

The music, by Jack Shapiro and his orchestra, was both appreciated and enjoyed by everyone. Dancing featured the "Paul Jones," the "Butterfly," the "Bunny Hop" and the "Heart Dance." During the "Heart Dance" each person was given six paper hearts. When he replied, "Yes," to a question, he gave one heart to his questioner. At the end of the dance, the one with the most hearts was declared the winner.

A delicious smorgasbord supper was served in the Common Room, which, like the gymnasium, was gay with the symbols of Valentine's Day. A large Valentine cake formed the centre-piece on the L-shaped buffet whose lace tablecloths were trimmed with heart motifs.

When the evening came to an end, as all good things must, everyone went home tired, but satisfied with the success of our Valentine Dance.

SUSAN MACK

CUPID CAPIERS





BALLATER HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—H. Smith, N. Young, K. Jones, B. Gillespie, J. Ross, L. Wiley, M. Gillespie (Head of House), S. Kelsey, G. Allman, S. Mack, E. Kilgour.
 THIRD ROW—N. Turner, R. Allison, M. Ornstein, L. Pitt, C. Nairn, A. Sellers, M. Fisher, S. Salzberg, J. Gallie, S. Donaldson, M. Cross, L. McKenty, J. Thorkelson.
 SECOND ROW—J. Sellers, L. Colville, M. Thomas, C. Smith, M. Chant, D. Dempster, J. Berry.
 FRONT ROW—M. Wiley, S. Bracken, J. Ellis, H. Campbell, G. Tucker, J. Moody, A. McLean.
 ABSENT—L. Leach, K. Neilson, G. Rice, J. Sutherland.

BALLATER HOUSE

Dear Ballater,

This year has been an exciting and prosperous one for Ballater House. The new members quickly adopted the Ballater spirit and joined the old members in working and playing their hardest for our house.

Sports Day was our first house effort, and each member did her part in bringing us to a close second place in the final results. We especially congratulate Marged Thomas, Linda Pitt, Signe Salzberg and Jane Ross for their achievements that day. Volleyball brought Ballater to the gymnasium to cheer and play, and we had some memorable games. Ping pong in the Easter term spurred on every member to gain points for the house. Signe Salzberg won the Intermediate championship, and Cecilia Smith was runner-up in the Junior section. We had a hard time choosing the first and second teams for basketball, and those who were chosen gave generously of their time and energy to achieve rewarding results.

The school gymnastics competitions attracted our best gymnasts, and although they found themselves with one or two extra bruises, they did very well. Barbara Gillespie and Margaret Fisher were first in the Senior and Intermediate sections respectively, and Jane Moody was third in the Juniors. The skating races found Grades IV to X on the ice enduring the thrills, chills and spills that go with skating, and we finished in second position.

Academically, Ballater has worked conscientiously, bringing us to second place at Christmas. Something new this year, the Honour Roll, encouraged every member to look her best, and to improve her posture, and many have contributed points to the House in this way. Ballater was well represented in the Literary Competition, and we congratulate Shelagh Kelsey for her story, and Margaret Fisher for her poem.

Helen Smith, our Sports' Captain, Susan Mack, our secretary, and Elizabeth Kilgour, our uniform monitress, have served the House well, and I thank them for their help and advice. I would also like to thank our staff members, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Coulter, Miss McMillan, and Miss Cook, for their support and encouragement.

To you now, Ballater. You have worked and played well. Your wonderful house spirit prevailed in all activities, whether we were successful or not, and this, to me, is the important thing. You have no idea how proud and happy I have been to be your Head this year. It has been hard work for us all, but I enjoyed every minute of it, and I hope you did too.

Thank you, and the best of luck to you next year,

With love,

MARGARET GILLESPIE,
 Head of Ballater.

BRAEMAR HOUSE

Dear Braemar,

Soon, another year at Balmoral Hall will end, a special year for me, as Head of Braemar. But, happily, it will not mean a final goodbye because I shall be back next year. When I was appointed your House Head, I felt it a great honour and responsibility, but at my first house meeting, I knew that it was also a great opportunity. I shall never be thankful enough to you all for the co-operation and friendliness that you have shown to me at all times.

In reviewing the events of the year, I feel that Braemar has been well represented in all activities. We had good entries in the Library Quiz and the Literary Competition, and many Braemar names have appeared on the new Honour Roll. We are also proud that the Head Girl, Jennifer Young, is a member of our House.

Sports' Day was the first athletic event of the year, and you showed then the keenness that has been maintained throughout the year. You have

shown sportsmanship and enthusiasm, and we have a good material in Braemar which should lead us to greater success in the future. In the meantime we rejoice in our notable achievement in winning the volleyball cup. To Faith Wilson, our Games Captain, we owe our thanks. When I could not come to meetings, she took them, and you all know that she was present at every practice and game, cheering us on and coaching the teams very ably.

I would like to thank Mrs. McEwen for all the helpful advice she has given us throughout the year. I give my good wishes to next year's House Head; I know that she will find, as I have done, that your enthusiasm and good spirit will make her year of office a truly happy one.

I wish you all happy holidays, and every success next year.

With sincere love,
CAROL GLESBY,
Head of Braemar



BRAEMAR HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—G. Morris, L. Musgrove, P. Moss, M. Gooder, J. Mercer, B. Blewett, C. Glesby (Head of House), J. Duncan, J. Evans, Deidre White, D. Macnamara, H. Miller, C. A. Cory.

THIRD ROW—F. Wilson, M. Glesby, W. McPherson, L. Miller, I. Radstrom, N. Baker, G. Steele, L. Foliott, I. Huebert, J. Burton.

SECOND ROW—D. Cruse, M. Murray, J. Kirbyson, J. Plaxton, D. McNaughton, E. Glena, B. Payne, N. Russell, V. Fraser.

FRONT ROW—J. Clough, N. Sym, D. Moore.

ABSENT—E. Clough, N. A. Eaton, L. Grant, Dilys White, C. Yates, J. Young.



CRAIG GOWAN

IN THE TREE—Meryl Arnott, G. Long, S. Evans.

THIRD ROW—N. Genser, D. Elwood, C. Kelsey, J. Smith, S. Peers, T. Cameron, B. A. Aitkens, B. McRae, F. Sadler, M. Dowse, V. Plummer, C. A. Fields, L. McDougall, B. Sidgwick (Head of House).

SECOND ROW—R. Murray, R. Stewart, M. Dyker, G. Jacobson, P. Hampton, B. Ross, B. LeBeau, B. Nichol, S. Allan, S. Riley, N. Webb, L. Funnell.

FRONT ROW—L. Trimble, S. Huggard, Margaret Arnott, R. Gibbins, S. Funnell, L. Swaffield, J. Riley, P. Pennock.

ABSENT—S. Averbach, W. Bracken, A. Weinstein, R. Genser, J. Alexander, G. Siemens.

CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

Dear Craig Gowans,

We have had a very busy year, and I want to congratulate all of you on your efforts and achievements. We started the year with a flourish by once again winning the highest number of points on Sports Day, spurred on by this, we began to practise volleyball and had a successful season. Our "B" team won all their games, and our Juniors were winners of their tournament.

In the new year we turned to basketball, and the early morning practices were ably conducted by Diane, our Games Captain. They brought their reward when, after a hectic competition, we won the basketball cup. Skating races were held from Grades IV to X, and Craig Gowan was the winning House. The Seniors practised ardently for their skating skit, but unfortunately the ice departed a week too soon. The ping-pong tournament occupied our lunch-hours and other spare moments in March, and we congratulate the Senior and Junior champions, Ruth Murray and Suzanne Evans. We are now looking forward to the swimming meet when we hope Craig Gowan will continue its athletic success.

Many Craig Gowan girls have contributed points to the House, through the Prefects' Honour Roll for neatness, good posture, and general attitude, and, with examinations upon us, we look forward to a good record in the academic field too.

We have worked hard this year and we have had satisfactory results. I would like to thank our staff members, Mrs. Chown, Mrs. Byrne, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Saunders, and Miss Lucas, for their interest and support. I would also like to thank Diana, our Sports' Captain, and Naomi, our Secretary, for their enthusiastic help, and our other prefects, Betty and Betty Anne, for their contributions to the success of the House.

I have had a wonderful year as your House Head, and I hope that you will always keep the good cheer and high spirits for which Craig Gowan is noted. Good luck to you all.

With love,

BARBARA SIDGWICK,
Head of Craig Gowan

GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

Dear Glen Gairns,

This year has been an important one for Glen Gairn, and we may be glad of the opportunity of working together, which comes from belonging to our House. There is no aspect of the daily school life of each one of you that does not affect the House in some way, and there must be some of you who have experienced this year for the first time the satisfaction of knowing that your individual success in some field has contributed to the success of the House. Because it represents the steady effort of many, we were particularly gratified at the end of the Christmas term to find Glen Gairn in first place.

In sports we have had enthusiastic participation and several outstanding individuals. Rosalind Wallace was Intermediate Champion on Sports Day, Kathy Curry came first in the Midget section of the Gymnastic competition, and Marnie Muter was runner-up in the Intermediate division of the ping-pong tournament.

Everyone who sent in a completed entry to the Library Quiz helped to make Glen Gairn the house with the highest number of points, and we con-

gratulate Valerie Saul for coming first in the Senior Section, and Patricia McMahon and Vanessa Burdett for coming first and second respectively in the Intermediate section. We were very well represented in the Literary Competition, having the second highest number of entries, and Linda Riddell, Dee Dee Washington, Judy Harris, Rosalind Wallace and Patricia McMahon, among the winners.

My sincere thanks go to Miss Oswald, our staff adviser, and to Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Stovel, Mrs. Burridge, and Mrs. Birse, for their support and interest. I also wish to thank Barbara, our Sports' Captain, Bridget, our Secretary, and Linda, our uniform monitress, who have helped in so many ways this year.

May your future House Heads gain as much from being your Head as I have during this year.

Good luck to you always,

[With]love,

RAE BURRELL,
Head of Glen Gairn



GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—C. Bobrowski, L. Riddell, B. Howat, J. Harris, C. Albertsen, L. A. Lewthwaite, J. Wilson, B. Park, E. Albertsen, R. Wallace, G. Swinden, P. Shoemaker, C. Burrell, R. Burrell (Head of House).
THIRD ROW—J. Munro, D. D. Washington, C. Cranston, P. McMahon, H. McGibbon, M. Lagergren, M. Kosinski, P. MacCharles, M. Muter, A. Urquhart.
SECOND ROW—Irene Brown, Marian Brown, C. McCulloch, S. Hansen, V. Burdett, P. McDonald.
FIRST ROW—K. Curry, Marnie Andison, Margaret Andison, M. Bethel, D. Silvester, K. Wilson, Margot Brown.
ABSENT—B. Forrest, V. Saul, J. Smerschanski, D. Wilson.



LIFE IN RESIDENCE

The Haunted House

Many strange tales are told of the haunted Red House. By day, it is quite deserted except for Mrs. Elliot, who is in charge of the house, and Beth, who keeps it in order. I visited it recently at the witching hour of nine in the evening, and am still not fully recovered.

I opened the front door cautiously and was greeted by a deafening blast of primitive music mixed with fainter strains of "Carmen." Someone flashed by, and seconds later I heard a rush of water and the slamming of a door. Three weary figures, with mysterious cases in hand, appeared behind me. I moved quickly aside only to bump into a motionless form, so engrossed in a letter in bold masculine writing that it did not notice me.

As I started up the stairs the house began to shake. Great thuds were coming from below, and as they ceased there was an agonized groan. A voice, echoing my thoughts, uttered an expressive, "My word!" just above me.

I bolted up the remaining steps and fled into the room ahead where I watched in horror a weird war dance going on to the accompaniment of blood curdling shrieks and waving of hair brushes. I backed out hastily into the adjoining room where a group was gathered around a huge box, having a feast. Two little forms glided past carrying bowls of fish and turtles. What strange rites were they about to perform, I wondered.

With mounting apprehension, I stumbled up to the top floor. The complete silence that met me seemed ominous. Two sedate creatures drifted past me, toiletries in hand, a faint giggle came from my right, but that was all.

A bell tinkled in the distance, and then silence. Not a sound from anywhere. Not waiting to see if this was just a lull in the orgies, I fled into the street.

MARGARET GOODER
MARGARET FISHER

White House Notes

"'Twas the night before holidays and, all through the house, every creature was stirring, even the house mouse," intones Sue Peers as she staggers downstairs with suitcases to be weighed.

"Have a good trip," she calls to Marg who has just caught her toe on a case and landed in an open trunk.

D.D. pirouettes merrily around her room, nimbly avoiding all obstacles in her last-minute practice before packing her pointed shoes. Pam, her hair in rollers, gathered up her "Terry" towels to put in the trunk.

In the Middle Room, Noreen is making no progress, but is sitting on the floor laughing over a letter she received weeks before. Jackie, an impish gleam in her eye, is quickly packing away school books marked with many tell-tale fingerprints. Penny, with hair dishevelled, tiptoes noisily into the bathroom to find her soap.

As we proceed to the fire-escape room, a runaway satellite swoops past. Upon capture, it turns out to be "harmless" Laurie in a dash to the trunk room for yet another suitcase. Shirley meanwhile calmly packs numerous sheets of music and reading material, to the cheerful sound of Karen's infectious cackle. Val jives into the closet to rescue a dress she has just remembered.

From the second floor emanate the strains of "Marches on the River Kwai" and Joey and Carol Ann march in unison to their suitcases, rhythmically dropping in a few articles in a haphazard fashion. Ruth pauses in her search for the pyjamas she packed by mistake, to make way for Val Saul who is rushing to answer a call from her "darlin' Charlie."

Fay, a "fair" packer, is trying to keep track of her animals which someone persists in hiding. Faith, who has recently joined the confusion of Grade XI boarders, watches as Helen, one of our "fastest" members, is just about to begin her packing.

As we enter the "quietest" part of the Residence, we hear Betty emit an ear-piercing shriek which brings the Grade Twelves stampeding in to glimpse a tiny mouse scurrying towards its hole. Just as "Corporal" Sue has lined us up for a salute, Miss Murrell-Wright enters complaining of her nervous indigestion. Dismissal of the troops brings us to the last room where Shelagh is trying to find room for her saddle bags and Bridget is hunting for her new blue nylons. Elsie is carefully measuring her newly-shorn locks and Gayle, drugged by the "intimate" atmosphere, is carefully packing her bugs.

Finally Mrs. Evans makes a valiant effort to wade through the luggage to turn off the lights. Darkness covers the confusion, but no one seems to doubt that every piece of baggage will be ready before breakfast in the morning.

Gayle Morris
Betty McRae

The Christmas Dinner

Examinations were over and, by the evening of December 17, an air of festivity pervaded the Lower Corridor. This year the "Carol Cocktail Party," which always precedes the boarders' Christmas Dinner, was held in the Common Room, and everyone agreed that with its gift-laden tree and gay decorations, it made a delightful setting. The guests joined in their favourite carols, and then strolled to the dining room, still singing "I Wish You a Merry Christmas." In a few moments, crackers were popping and paper hats appearing as a delicious dinner of roast turkey was served in flickering candlelight.

The party ended, as it had begun, in the Common Room, though this time it was not carols which burst forth, but exclamations of surprise and pleasure as the presents from the Christmas tree were opened and shown off to all around. What better way could there be to start the holiday season than with such an evening of good fun, good food, and good company.

Rae Burrell

Initiation Day

Initiation Day is one of fun and excitement at Balmoral Hall. It is the day when new girls hope and pray that they will not forget their pledge, nor run out of shoe-polish, and when old girls come to school early for a shoe-shine. The prefects have a wonderful time seeking out the new girls, who soon find that there is no safe hiding-place. Every minute that is not spent in class they are kept busy, and, as one of them said, "As the morning wore on, our knees wore out." After lunch, when school had started, all new girls took a deep breath, for that part of the trial was over.

Cecilia Smith,
Grade VII

May Day Party

For Grades VIII and IX and their friends
May 2 at 8.30 p.m.

PROGRAMME

1. "Find Your Partner"
Make a paper corsage or boutonniere, then dance.
2. Paul Jones
3. Sir Walter Raleigh Race
4. Broom Dance
5. Bunny Hop
6. Elimination Dance
7. Snowball Dance
8. Free Dancing
9. Adam and Eve Dance
10. May Night Picnic
11. Free Dancing
12. Fox Trot
13. May Day Special
14. Goodnight Waltz.

THE QUEEN

Vesper

Sol descendit. Procul audio carmen tranquillum avium. Sonus maestus grillorum et ranorum quietem noctis turbant. Zepheri in arboribus spirant, tremefacientes folia venusta in saltationem dryadum. Homines suum opus deposuerunt et requietem petiverunt. Vespertina astra lucent in caelo super, et subter, preces fidelium aera implent. Natura dormit, dum tenebrae appropinquant et terram defessam complent.

Signe Salzberg,
Grade X

CLASS NOTES

"Pieces of Eight"

Twenty-seven in all are we;
A lively bunch, as you will see;
Scholars, artists, athletes tall,
Bookworms, dancers—meet them all.

Julia shines in exam and test;
Monica's spelling was the best,
And when it came to the Library Quiz,
Pat and Vanessa were a whizz.
Corinne, Marsha and Diane
Practise Bach, Liszt, and Chopin;
Suzanne and Betty have happy times
Drawing, painting, and making rhymes.
Of sporting girls we have a few,
Linda Pitt, Roberta too;
On horse and box, on ropes and bars,
Anita and Nancy are shining stars.
Anne and Elaine at plies strive,
While Nicky and Signy prefer to jive.
With Dilys and Carol, the mood is quiet,
But Pam, Audrey, and Marilyn cause quite
a riot.

Behind those books lurk Linda and Meryl,
Lost in tales of romance or peril;
We know that Wendy, Janis and Gale
As future nurses will not fail.

With varied gifts and interests, too,
Our idle moments are but few,
And whether we're at work or play,
Life in Grade VIII is always gay.

We Are Exceptional

Did you know that one of Grade IX—

1. Speaks German fluently? 2. Performed with the American Theatre Ballet? 3. Came first in the duets in the Manitoba Music Festival? 4. Rode from Victoria Beach to Grand Beach on a bicycle? 5. Builds model airplanes? 6. Has a medal for waltzing on ice? 7. Once owned a monkey? 8. Rode in the Calgary Stampede parade? 9. Has been to Europe? 10. Goes on snowshoe hikes? 11. Made her own Christmas cards? 12. Rode in the Winnipeg Horsemen's Club show? 13. Saved Brenda from drowning? 14. Climbed a 12,000 ft. mountain? 15. Appeared on "Close-Up"? 16. Has Intermediate life-saving award? 17. Is working for "Elementary" in ballet? 18. Saw "Twelfth Night" at Stratford? 19. Fell through the bottom of a canoe? 20. Re-organized Mrs. Birse's music cupboard? 21. Has read "The Brothers Karamazov"? 22. Has skied at Banff? 23. Helped with magazine advertising? 24. Has been Class President every year since Grade IV?

Here they are:—

Carol Bobrowski, Margot Gooder, Louise, Joan Mercer, Joan Gallie, Joan Burton, Judy Evans, Barbara, Rosemary, Marnie, Judy Harris, Rosalind, Nancy Webb, Margot Cross, Lynn, Carol Cranston, Margaret, Nancy Eaton, Lindsay, Brenda, Dianne, Suzanne, Geraldine and Wendy.

We ask to be remembered for these, our noteworthy achievements; our subversive acts are better not recorded.

A Pilgrimage From Seven to Eight

It was Fall, and groups of pilgrims were gathering. I chanced upon one merry band, making plans for their first great pilgrimage.

"Our brains will be our horses," agreed Brenda and Nora, the chosen leaders for the first part of the journey, and Claire, who later took command, saw that the horses were well-exercised.

They set off on a sunny day in September, and had not gone far when they happened on a sporting gathering, at which Gail and Marged proved themselves Champions. They were congratulated by Cecilia and Nancy who cheered heartily at all athletic contests along the way.

As the weeks flew by, the pilgrims travelled through many strange lands, and eagerly inquired into everything new that came their way. At the two main stopping places, Marian and Joan encouraged everyone to spend a few days reading and meditating on all they had learnt, in order to be ready to enter their destination.



NEXT CLASS-SCIENCE!

S. KELSEY

Grey Tenser Oliver

(With apologies to H. L. Chace, author of
"Anguish Languish")

(Anyone unfamiliar with this rhetorical device is advised to read the words aloud exactly as they are written, with strict care for pronunciation, and the meaning should become clear.)

A sin oiled gull off Ball-mural Hull, ahead okay-shun two spinned a diet thee skull resent-lee. Far rolled thyme's ache, eye day-sided two comb lan thyme fur payers. Aye want strayed ope Toothy Jim ware twin-tee saving gulls whirr ranging thee bunches. I pneumonia phase, and ray-mam-bring dot tree ears hat parsed scents aye lift, aye calk-elated dot day mussed knobby Grey Tents. Intercourse offer die eyewash two seedy maim-bears Otis clause money thymes.

Play-ink thee organize oh Heather, end Judy sank inner desk-ant suction odour quire. A sigh Lefty Jim, eye no-diced Deidre, harm inner gassed, strangling wit Gail toe Lefty Bunch.

Eyewash on-vat-aid toe launch inn thee Hum-ache rum buy tea Grey Tents wit Noreen ass hoe-stays, end Janet end Cheryl a-Sistine. Parsing Trudy gloss Pa's-age, eyes oh Dee Dee end Pam wading foursome ale. Barbara Gillespie rust

parsed rat-urn infamy Space-all Jim pecked-us. Sue Allan hepped knee too fined a buck inn thee lye-brewery, end eyesore Glorianne end Ingrid heart ate were cat too offer day-bells. Glen-sing truth thee winter, eye no-diced Val end Penny scatting grease-foal-eye an thee eyes.

Aft-ere launch, eye paste threw dial ower core-door, ray-culling owl memorize. Barbara Blewett end Susan Averbach whirr chive-in inter-com man rum, end Jocelyn whizz inn dart rum, dew-wing same axe-tray were con aye pitcher. Aster two cluck bull-ring, Cydney lepidopterous tear case on away took lass.

Own may weight oh ah biscuit-bell gum, eye picked inn own Carol Anne end Lori hoe whirr due-wing schools an thee pecked-ice roams, end aye herd Margaret tuna vile inn. An thee June-ear lye-brewery, Jackie end Shirley war a rein gin guy displace off bucks on dish elves.

Enter Jim, thee gum whizz jest big-gaining, hand, low hand bee-old, Karen, Signe, end Sue wear under Biscuit-bell tame! Re-alley, aye sought tummy shelf, Grey Tenser Oliver!

SPORTS



BETTY ANNE AITKENS — SPORTS CAPTAIN

Sports Report, 1957-8

The writing of this report made me realize what a very varied sports programme we are able to have, with every season bringing its own activity and all available space in the school and grounds being used to the full.

The first event of the sports year is a meeting at which the new girls take part in various games and contests to give the sports' committee a chance to divide the new athletic skill as evenly as possible among the Houses. From that day on, the completion of one sports competition is immediately followed by the introduction of another, with the main object always being the participation of the greatest number of girls.

I would like to thank this opportunity to thank Miss Webb, who came to us this year from England, for all the help she has given us. I would also like to thank the House Heads and Games Captains for their help and co-operation throughout the year.

BETTY ANNE AITKENS,

Sports Captain

Senior Sports' Day

October 17th was a special day at Balmoral Hall. It was Senior Sports Day, the first occasion in the year when we gathered in Houses instead of in forms. On the river-side lawn, there gradually emerged four focal points of bustling excitement—red, green, blue, and yellow—as each new arrival put on her House band and eagerly discussed the prospects for the day.

As the races followed each other in quick succession, each harassed Sports Captain exuberantly or sadly jotted down race results, while expectant House members peered over her shoulder to get the latest "standings." House Heads rushed endlessly from the starting-line to their House corners issuing eleventh-hour instructions and urging each new competitor to "do or die." Stimulated by this enthusiastic leadership, even the youngest felt that it was the House that counted, and that she had her contribution to make.

The counterpoint of cheering and leaping in the air was taken up in each corner in succession as victories were registered amid mounting tension. By the time the crowning event, the House Relay, was called, every new girl must have felt something of the thrill of working with girls from every form in the school, who were bound, by a common allegiance, to their House.

LINDA RIDDELL

Sports Day Results

Senior Champion . . .

Rae Burrell—Glen Gairn

Intermediate Champion . . .

Rosalind Wallace—Glen Gairn

Junior Champions . . .

Gail Long—Craig Gowan

Marged Thomas—Ballater

Midget Champion . . .

Rose Gibbins—Craig Gowan

Winning House . . .

Craig Gowan

House Volleyball Tournament

1. Braemar
2. Craig Gowan
3. Glen Gairn
4. Ballater



BRAEMAR VOLLEYBALL TEAM—1958

STANDING—J. Duncan, J. Young.

KNEELING—B. Blewett, P. Moss, L. Musgrove; J. Burton, M. Gooder.

IN FRONT—F. Wilson (Captain).



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM—1958

BACK ROW—B. Sidgwick, G. Allman, L. A. Lewthwaite, K. Jones.
MIDDLE ROW—S. Salzberg, L. Musgrove, V. Saul, F. Wilson.
FRONT ROW—S. Peers, B. A. Aitkens (Captain), B. McRae.

Basketball

We were very glad that there were enough players to have both first and second team tournaments this year, and the House Games Captains conducted team practices at 8.30 in the morning during March. When the points from all matches were added together, Craig Gowan had the highest number and Braemar came second.

There were both Senior and Junior matches between Boarders and Day Girls, the Day Girls winning the Junior and the Boarders the Senior.

The School Basketball team had an exceptionally good season with many more matches than usual. The team practised regularly on Saturday mornings and a very great improvement, both in individual and team play, was noticed in the later games.

Alumnae Games Night

This took place this year on Friday, February 21st. The Alumnae won the volleyball and the School won the basketball matches.

Swimming Meet

FIRST.....	BALLATER
SECOND.....	GLEN CAIRN
THIRD	BRAEMAR
FOURTH	CRAIG GOWAN

Skating

We had a long skating season with very good ice, thanks to Mr. Sabourin who had devised a very efficient system for flooding the rink regularly. The skating races were run off in grades from Grade IV to Grade X and House points were given for entries and for winners. The Seniors spent several days practising short skirts for a further competition, but unfortunately the ice melted one day too soon.

House Skating Results:

1. Craig Gowan
2. Ballater
3. Glen Cairn
4. Braemar

Ping Pong

We had large entries in all sections of the tournament and the Red House basement was a scene of great activity before school in the morning, after lunch and at four o'clock. We would like to thank all the referees who gave a great deal of time to officiating at these matches.

Senior Ping Pong Champion—Ruth Murray.

Intermediate Ping Pong Champion—Signe Salzberg

Junior Ping Pong Champion—Suzanne Evans.

BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1957

- Sept. 9—Boarders arrive.
 Sept. 10—Opening Prayers.
 Head Girl and Prefects receive cords.
 Sept. 17—House Heads elected.
 Sept. 18—Library Executive announced.
 Magazine Executive announced.
 Sept. 19—Class Presidents elected.
 First House meetings.
 Sept. 20—Sports meeting.
 Sept. 27—Supplementary Reading tests.
 Oct. 2—Mothers' Auxiliary Fall Meeting and Tea.
 Oct. 3—Boarders attend ballet, "Giselle."
 Oct. 4—Senior Boarders attend St. John's Ravenscourt Wiener Roast.
 Oct. 11—Four new Prefects receive cords.
 House Heads receive pins from former House Heads.
 Thanksgiving Service.
 Oct. 12-14—Thanksgiving Weekend.
 Oct. 15—First Brownie Meeting.
 Oct. 16—Junior Sports Day.
 Oct. 17—Senior Sports Day.
 Grades IV-VI attend Student Symphony.
 Oct. 21—Television—H.M. the Queen addresses the United Nations General Assembly.
 Oct. 24—United Nations Day.
 Oct. 26—Junior Boarders attend "Around the World in Eighty Days."
 Oct. 30—Red Feather Campaign.
 Junior Hallowe'en Party.
 Nov. 1—Grades X, XI, XII attend Commemorative Service at St. John's Cathedral.
 Initiation Party.
 Nov. 8—Rev. J. C. Clough conducts Remembrance Day Service.
 Nov. 8-11—Boarders' weekend.
 Nov. 20—Mrs. Knox spoke on "The Save the Children Fund."
 Dec. 3—Braemar won the Volleyball tournament.
 Collection of canned goods for Point Douglas Mission.
 Dec. 4—Collection of clothing for Peguis Indians.
 Dec. 5—Collection of toys, books and games for Point Douglas Mission.
 Dec. 9-17—Christmas Examinations.
 Dec. 17—Boarders' Christmas Party.
 Dec. 18—Christmas Carol Service, 2.30 p.m.
 Dec. 19—School closes for Christmas vacation.

EASTER TERM, 1958

- Jan. 8—Boarders return.
 Jan. 9—School re-opens.
 Jan. 10—First meeting of the Literary Society.
 Jan. 16—Boarders attend Ballet at Playhouse.

- Jan. 27—Alumnae Annual Meeting.
 Feb. 14—"Cupid Capers."
 Feb. 14-17—Boarders long weekend.
 Feb. 19—Basketball Game—Balmoral Hall vs. United College.
 Feb. 20—New Prefects receive cords.
 Junior Skating Races.
 Feb. 21—Alumnae Games Night.
 Feb. 24—Grade XII attend Lenten Service at Holy Trinity Church.
 Basketball Game—Balmoral Hall vs. Gordon Bell High School.
 Feb. 28—Basketball Game—Balmoral Hall vs. University of Manitoba.
 Mar. 1-8—Miss Murrell-Wright attends Headmistress's Conference in South Carolina.
 Mar. 7—Seniors attend St. John's Ravenscourt Cadet Ball.
 Mar. 8—Basketball Game—Balmoral Hall vs. Technical Vocational High School.
 Mar. 13—School Gymnastics Competition.
 Mar. 15—Manitoba Gymnastics Competition.
 Mar. 18—Basketball Game—Balmoral Hall vs. Gordon Bell at Gordon Bell.
 Mar. 24-April 1—Easter Examinations.
 Mar. 25—Dr. J. S. Thompson, Moderator of The United Church of Canada, conducts Morning Prayers.
 Apr. 2—School closes for Easter Vacation.

SUMMER TERM

- Apr. 15—Boarders return.
 Apr. 16—School re-opens.
 Apr. 16—Results of Literary Competition announced.
 New Blazer crests given out.
 Apr. 17—School Prayers—Rev. Canon J. N. Doidge introduced Rev. S. E. Davis, missionary from Palampur, Punjab, India.
 May 2—May Day Party—Grades VIII and IX.
 May 3—Alumnae Scholarship Tea.
 May 5—Rev. Canon S. W. Goldsmith, Headmaster of Shattuck Military Academy, conducts Morning Prayers.
 May 12—New Union Jack given by the Prefects, unfurled at Morning Prayers.
 May 16-19—Victoria Day Weekend.
 May 22—Lilac Mission Tea.
 May 30—Senior Piano and Singing Recital.
 June 4—Mothers' Auxiliary Annual Meeting.
 June 4—Junior Piano and Singing Recital.
 June 8—Closing Service at the School.
 June 11—Closing Exercises at Westminster Church, followed by Garden Party at Balmoral Hall.
 Graduation Dance at the School 9 p.m.

Graduates

Grade XII

ELSIE ALBERTSEN

Elsie, one of Glen Gairn's able supporters and a helpful Prefect, has had a very busy and successful year. She has proved herself a valuable member of the Choir and the Tuesday Choral Group. She has also been a competent Head Librarian for the past two years, and was outstanding as convener of the decorating committee for the Valentine Dance. This coming August will see Elsie treading the corridors of St. Boniface Hospital. Best of luck with the "lamp," Elsie!

NAOMI GENSER

Naomi of the "sun-kissed" fringe was a late-comer to the "little room" and turned her musical abilities to the alto section of the choir. She has been a Prefect, a member of Craig Gowan's volleyball team, and Social Convener to the Literary Society. "Gense" begins her diet "tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow"—but we understand! Next year Naomi plans to enter the University of Manitoba. All the best in everything, "Gense"!

MARGARET GILLESPIE

Marg believes firmly in the old saying, "It's better late than never." Besides being a Prefect, she has been the jovial Head of Ballater House, President of the Literary Society, chief organizer of the ping-pong tournament and a member of the Monday Ballet group. The proud possessor of a strong alto voice, she sang in the Choir and in the Choral Group. Next year Marg plans to invade the University of Western Ontario. Our best wishes go with you, Marg.

SHELAGH KELSEY

Our musically-inclined boarder has had a busy year participating in the School Choir, special Choral Group, and Winnipeg Girls' Choir. Shelagh was our class Vice-President for two terms and is the able Advertising Manager for the School Magazine. A love of animals, including real or chocolate mice, has played an important part in the life of this biology-minded supporter of Ballater House. As our equestrian friend rides along to Mount Allison University to take Science, we wish her luck.

LESLIE ANN LEWTHWAITE

Bridget, our cheerful "barefoot-contessa" from Emerson, keeps the White House rocking. She has found time to participate in the Choir, Basketball, swimming, music, and the Magazine Executive. This busy Class President and Secretary of Glen Gairn spends most of her free time in matters concerning the telephone, the mail, and, of course, "food." Next year will find Bridget taking Occupational and Physical Therapy at the University of Toronto. Luck o' the Irish to ye, Bridget!





SUSAN MACK

Sue, Class President of Grade XII and "musical" boarder of two years' standing, hails from Port Arthur. She has had a very busy year forcing herself to rise in time for breakfast, but once up, she is busily engaged with the Magazine Executive, the Choir, and Ballet. At noon you will find Sue first in line waiting for that out of town "male." Next year she plans to enter Manitoba Teachers' College. Good luck and vive la France, "Susan".

BETTY McRAE

How glad we were to see Gran join our ranks again and give another year of enthusiastic support to the Student Council, Craig Gowan House, the basketball team, the Choir and the Choral Group. As Photography Editor of the Magazine and pursuing other fields of photography with persistence, she has proved herself a master of the craft. Next year Gran plans to take her smile and good humour to brighten the lives of the Home Economists. Happy days, Gran.

GAYLE MORRIS

Early every morning our Head-of-Residence can be seen and heard on her rounds. Gayle has been a capable Prefect and a member of the Magazine Executive. She is active in Braemar as Secretary and a member of its volleyball and basketball teams, as well as being an ardent tennis player. Gayle's favourite occupation this year was waiting for her regular 10.15 phone call from her "aunt." Next year we'll find Gayle at Manitoba Teachers' College. We wish her the best of luck and hope her dreams will be realized.

JENNIFER YOUNG

In looking at Grade XII, we find that "Jefnaer," the only "natural" blonde in the class, has had a busy year as our Head Girl. A devoted member of her House, she played on Braemar's first volleyball and basketball teams. Besides being an active member of the School Choir and Choral Group, she has been the Honorary President of the Literary Society. Next year, Jen will be at the University of Toronto School of Nursing, and how we shall miss that M.G. Despite the loss, we wish her success in all her ventures.

Grade XI

BETTY ANNE AITKENS

Joey, our capable Sports Captain, a Prefect, member of the Magazine Executive and the School Choir, hails from "Boys-in-vain." Her pet subject is gym, hairnets are her BABY, and her favourite saying is, "Big Jump, Gran", as another basketball game begins. Next year will see Joey, with her whistle, on the games field at Balmoral Hall where she will take Grade XII before taking a course in Physical Education. Good luck, Joey.

GAIL ALLMAN

Gail, the "Gal with the pink convertible," has had a busy year. She was star guard on both the School and Ballater basketball teams. She has been an active member of the Library Executive, Secretary of the Literary Society, and a member of the School Choir. Next year will find Gail at the University of Manitoba taking Science. Best of luck, Gail!

RAE BURRELL

The girl most likely to succeed—that's our sparkling Rae, who even with all her responsibilities finds time to make excellent marks. She is the energetic Head of Glen Gairn, a conscientious Prefect, Editor of the Magazine, and a member of the School Choir. Next fall, she will grace the campus at the University of Manitoba, taking Interior Design. The very best in all your future undertakings, Rae.

DIANA ELWOOD

Diana is another starry-eyed member of Grade XI, and as Sports Captain of Craig Gowan, she has done a fine job. She is Balmoral Hall's representative to Eaton's Junior Council. It goes without saying that we all see red when she sits munching a chocolate bar without gaining an ounce. Dee plans to take Grade XII at United, and later will enter nursing. With her warm and cheery smile, her patients are sure to get well!

CAROL GLESBY

Our Carol has had an active and happy year. She is Braemar's well-liked House Head and has made an excellent Prefect. She sings in the soprano section of the Choir. Carol's pleasing personality has made her the envy of her class. Biology, her pet subject, perhaps accounts for the fact that after taking Grade XII at Balmoral Hall she plans to enter nursing at the Winnipeg General Hospital.

ELIZABETH KILGOUR

Elizabeth, better known as "Liz," is a busy Prefect and Business Manager of the Magazine. She is also Uniform Monitress of Ballater House, First Vice-President of the Literary Society, and a member of the Choir. Her gymnastic ability is noteworthy and she is Grade XI's one and only ballerina. Next year, Elizabeth plans to take Science at the University of Manitoba. Lots of luck, "Liz."





PATRICIA MOSS

Although Pat is our day-dreamer, she is also a Braemar's Uniform Monitress and a member of the Library Executive. As a member of Braemar's volleyball and basketball teams, she made her mark. Will we ever forget that guarding! Next year she hopes to take Grade XII before making definite plans for the future. Here's to you, Pat.

RUTH MURRAY

Ruthie, the impulsive blonde from Binscarth, keeps us in hysterics most of the day. Her by-word is, "Who are you to cast the first stone?" and Grade XI has yet to hear an equal to her famous laugh. Next year she plans to take the course for X-ray and Lab. Technicians. May Fortune smile on you, Ruthie.

BARBARA PARK

Barb, one of our capable Prefects, has been very active this year in the School Choir. She is Games Captain of Glen Gairn House, on the volleyball and basketball teams, an effective member of the Magazine Executive, and Second Vice-President of the newly-formed Literary Society. Although very busy, she still manages to play the piano and even study. Next year will see her back at Balmoral Hall for Grade XII. The best of luck, Barb!

LINDA RIDDELL

Linda, Grade XI's ambitious Class President and history genius, is also Uniform Monitress of Glen Gairn House and has played on the House teams. She has been a valued member of the Literary Society, the Magazine Executive and the Choir. Next year, our pixie little lass plans to specialize in English at the University of Manitoba. Happy days, Linda!

JANE ROSS

Jane is one of the livelier members of Grade XI. She has had a very busy year as Assistant Sports Captain and has participated in many other activities. She has been a helpful Prefect, a member of the Library Executive, and at the beginning of the year she was our Class President. Next year you'll hear Jane's quiet (?) laugh filling the corridors at United College where she plans to take Grade XII. Lots of luck, Jane!

FAY SADLER

Our friend "Saddleshoe," who is one of the "silent" six in residence, has joined us from Elgin. Her smile is especially persuasive when it comes time for washing hair. Fay is on the Library Executive, Vice-President of Grade XI, and Uniform Monitress for Craig Gowan. Next year Fay plans to take Commerce at the University of Manitoba . . . what will the "river-room" ever do without her?

VALERIE SAUL

Val arrived halfway through the Christmas term and quickly became a valuable guard on the School basketball team as well as an alto in the Choir. An accomplished pianist, she has been a helpful accompanist for the Choral Group. No matter how many letters she gets, she is always looking for more—a common fault of most boarders. If Val is not back at Balmoral Hall for Grade XII, she hopes to do Science at the University of Manitoba. Best of luck, Val!

BARBARA SIDGWICK

"Sidg" has been our efficient School Captain this year as well as Head of Craig Gowan House, and a Prefect. She has sung in the Choir, was on the Dance Committee, guard on the School basketball team, and took part in our School and Manitoba Gymnastics Competitions. Next year will find Barbara taking Grade XII. Happy days, Sidg!

HELEN SMITH

Helen, better known as "Smaltz," is a staunch supporter of John Diefenbaker, whose photo adorns her dresser. Although she is known for slowness, Smaltz manages very well as a member of the School Choir, Library Executive and Games Captain of Ballater. She will return next year to take Grade XII at Balmoral Hall. Good luck, Smaltz, and keep your fingers crossed for those Conservatives.

FAITH WILSON

"The mind is the standard of the man." As well as setting a very high academic standard for Grade XI, Faith has worked extremely hard this year as Braemar's Games Captain, as a member of the Library Executive and the School Choir, and her artistic genius helped to create a golden cupid for our Valentine Dance. Faith leaves us to take up residence in Calgary and next year she plans to enter Science at the University of British Columbia. Bon voyage et bonne chance, notre amie!



THE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

AITKENS, BETTY ANNE Boissevain, Man.....	76	BURTON, JOAN 4616 Coronation Drive, Calgary, Alta.....	CH 3-3517
ALBERTSEN, ELSIE Homewood, Man.....	SH 5-3406	CAMPBELL, HEATHER 405 Hosmer Blvd.....	HUDson 9-3235
ALBERTSEN, CAROL Homewood, Man.....	SH 5-3406	CHANT, MARGARET 2 Sandra Bay, F.G.....	GRover 5-7019
ALEXANDER, JENNIFER 85 Yale Ave.	GLobe 3-5411	CLARK, ROSEMARY 327 Cambridge Street	GLobe 2-5145
ALLAN, SARA 100 Queenston Street.	HUDson 9-1282	CLOUGH, ELIZABETH 511 Stradbrooke Avenue	GRover 5-6675
ALLISON, ROSEMARY 73 Kingsway Avenue	GRover 5-1078	CLOUGH, JUDITH 511 Stradbrooke Avenue	GRover 5-6675
ALLMAN, GAIL 236 Victoria Crescent	ALpine 6-0132	CLOUGH, CATHERINE 511 Stradbrooke Avenue	GRover 5-6675
ANDISON, MARGARET 74 Roslyn Crescent	GLobe 2-6753	COLVILLE, LOUISE 157 Carpathia Crescent	HUDson 9-5185
ANDISON, MARYEL 74 Roslyn Crescent	GLobe 2-6753	COLWILL, VIRGINIA 204 Brock Street	HUDson 9-7671
ARMYTAG, CAROL 72 Kingsway Avenue	GRover 5-6276	CORY, CAROLE ANN Virden, Manitoba	224
ARNOTT, MERYL 227 Oxford Street	GRover 5-6015	CRAIB, DIANNE 337 Silver Heights Apts.....	VERnon 2-4084
ARNOTT, MARGARET 227 Oxford Street	GRover 5-6015	CRANSTON, CAROL 410 Niagara Street	GRover 5-5067
AVERBACH, SUSAN 330 Bredin Drive, E.K.....	LEnox 3-1842	CROSS, MARGOT 8727 Saskatchewan Drive, Edmonton, Alta.....	33-4363
BAKER, NORA 1199 Wellington Crescent	HUDson 9-2744	CRUSE, DELL 103 Cunnington Avenue.....	CHapel 7-3749
BERRY, JULIA 310 Dromore Avenue.....	GRover 5-6796	CURRY, KATHLEEN 246 Dromore Avenue.....	GRover 5-4649
BETHEL, MARY 238 Tache Avenue.....	CHapel 7-1738	DAVIES, JAMES L. 125 Enfield Crescent.....	CHapel 7-3064
BLEWETT, BARBARA 230 Yale Avenue	GLobe 3-0922	DEMPSTER, DOROTHEA 222 Poplar Crescent, Saskatoon, Sask.....	DI 3-1039
BOBROWSKI, CAROLE 462 Montague Avenue	GRover 5-4886	DICKSON, DEBORAH 1034 Wellington Crescent	GLobe 3-6911
BOORMAN, RICHARD 161 Lanark Street		DOIDGE, JANE 99 Middlegate	SPruce 2-1144
BRACKEN, SUSAN 234 Oxford Street	GLobe 3-1164	DONALDSON, SHIRLEY Virden, Manitoba	68
BRACKEN, MICHAEL 234 Oxford Street	GLobe 3-1164	DOWSE, MONICA 167 Kingston Row.....	CHapel 7-4198
BRACKEN, WENDY 320 Yale Avenue	GLobe 2-4382	DUNCAN, JACQUELINE A. Darlingford, Man.....	303-22
BRERETON, ELIZABETH 465 Montrose Street	GLobe 2-9647	DYKER, MARION 886 Dorchester Avenue.....	GRover 5-6010
BRIGGS, JANE 118 Westgate.....	SUnset 3-1616	EGGERTSON, ROSS 653 Viscount Place, F.G.....	GLobe 2-6805
BROWN, MARGOT 719 Kildonan Drive.....	LEnox 3-7949	EATON, NANCY ANN 1015 Wellington Crescent	
BROWN, MARIAN 670 Wellington Crescent	GLobe 3-3824	ELLIS, JUDITH E. 180 Oak Street.....	SPruce 5-3751
BROWN, IRENE 670 Wellington Crescent	GLobe 3-3824	ELWOOD, DIANA 273 Oxford Street	GLobe 3-1271
BURDETT, VANESSA 25 Middlegate	SUnset 3-6228	EVANS, JUDITH 144 Ash Street.....	GLobe 3-6965
BURRELL, RAE 115 Westgate.....	SPruce 5-1701	EVANS, SUZANNE B. 1108-27th St., South Lethbridge, Alta.	
BURRELL, CYDNEY 115 Westgate.....	SPruce 5-1701		

EVERETT, HORACE 280 Roslyn Road	GLobe 2-9379	JACOBSON, GERALDINE 465 Campbell Street	HUDson 9-4147
EVERETT, MARGOT 280 Roslyn Road	GLobe 2-9379	JONES, KAREN White Dog Falls, Minaki, Ont.	Ring 45
FERGUSON, JANE 221 Waverley Street	GRover 5-5623	KELSEY, SHELAGH 908 Canora Road, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal, P.Q.	RE 1-1741
FERGUSON, DEBORAH 221 Waverley Street	GRover 5-5623	KELSEY, CORINNE 47 Waterloo Street	HUDson 9-1292
FIELDS, CAROL ANNE 265 Kingsway Avenue	GRover 5-4666	KILGOUR, ELIZABETH 275 Harvard Avenue	GRover 5-6370
FOLIOTT, LYNN 11 Oakdale Drive, Varsity View P.O.	VErn 2-5043	KIRBYSON, JANE 419 Hosmer Blvd.	HUDson 9-8454
FORREST, BONNIE 473 Centennial Street	HUDson 9-5136	KNIGHT, BEVERLY 551 Beaverbrook Street	HUDson 9-5656
FISHER, MARGARET 13404-123rd Avenue, Edmonton, Alta.	55-6140	KOSINSKI, MARGARET Mafeking, Manitoba	
FRASER, VICTORIA 101 Nassau Street	GLobe 3-5180	LANGLEY, ANN 286 Dromore Avenue	GLobe 3-5963
FUNNELL, LYNN 704 Elbow Drive, Calgary, Alta.	AM 6-3581	LAGERGREN, MARILYN 859 Dudley Avenue	GRover 5-5868
FUNNELL, SANDRA JEAN 704 Elbow Drive, Calgary, Alta.	AM 6-3581	LAW, BRENDA 242 Thurso Street	GLobe 2-7778
GALLIE, JOAN 304 Glenayr, Toronto, Ont.		LEACH, LINDA 761 Wellington Crescent	GLobe 3-6233
GENSER, NAOMI 70 Waterloo Street	GLobe 3-0512	LEADLEY, DIANE 350 Morley Avenue	GLobe 3-2108
GENSER, ROBERTA 280 Harvard Avenue	GLobe 3-4725	LE BEAU, BRENDA 674 Waverley Street	HUDson 9-2662
GIBBINS, ROSE Kenora, Ontario		LEWTHWAITE, LESLIE ANN Emerson, Manitoba	90
GILLESPIE, MARGARET 155 Irving Place, N.K.	EDison 1-6763	LIIVAMAE, MARET 1101 Wolseley Avenue	SPruce 5-1506
GILLESPIE, BARBARA 155 Irving Place, N.K.	EDison 1-6763	LONG, GAIL P.O. Box 1565 San Jose, Costa Rica, C.A.	
GLENA, ELAINE 3801-27th Avenue, Vernon, B.C.	3-755	MACK, SUSAN 40 South High Street, Port Arthur, Ontario	5-8381
GLESBY, CAROL 161 McAdam Avenue	JUstice 6-2515	MACNAMARA, DIANNE 126 Niagara Street	HUDson 9-6888
GLESBY, MARILYN 161 McAdam Avenue	JUstice 6-2515	MERCER, JOAN 141 Waterloo Street	HUDson 9-4211
GOODER, MARGARET ROSE 615-49th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.	CHestnut 3-2341	MILLER, HEATHER 309 Park Blvd.	HUDson 9-5277
GOODMAN, JUDITH 191 College Street	TUiner 8-1564	MILLER, LINDA 1 Dufferin Avenue, Portage la Prairie, Man.	7-4234
GLAZERMAN, MARCIA 272 Oxford Street	GLobe 3-0887	MOODY, JANE Lot 78, St. Norbert, Man.	GLobe 2-0203
GRANT, LAURIE 86 Wildwood Park	GRover 5-5684	MOORE, DARRYL 61 Roslyn Road	GLobe 3-3968
GRIFFITHS, VICKI 645 Kingsway Avenue	HUDson 9-4958	MORRIS, GAYLE Virden, Manitoba	183
HAMPTON, PAMELA 870 Mulvey Avenue	GRover 4-4872	MOSS, PATRICIA 338 Montrose Street	GLobe 2-9356
HANSEN, SIGNY 754 South Drive, F.G.	GLobe 2-5889	MUNRO, JUDITH 194 Montrose Street	GLobe 3-1116
HARRIS, JUDITH 291 Cordova Street	HUDson 9-4686	MURRAY, MADELINE 703 Wellington Crescent	GLobe 3-1886
HOWAT, BRENDA 319 Kelvin Blvd., Tuxedo, Man.	HUDson 9-6479	MURRAY, LORRAINE 703 Wellington Crescent	GLobe 3-1886
HUEBERT, IRENE 43 Silvia Street	LEnox 3-2251		

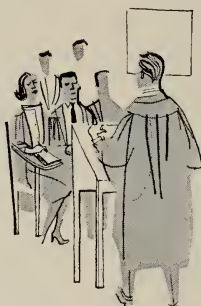
MURRAY, RUTH Binscarth, Manitoba.....	37	RADSTROM, INGRID Brunkchild, Man.	
MUTER, MARNIE Lynn Lake, Manitoba.....	67	RICE, GLORIANNE 315 Hertford Blvd.....	HUDson 9-2098
MACCHARLES, PAMELA 540-7th Ave., S.W., Medicine Hat, Alta.....	6-2617	RICHARDSON, CAROLYN 5209 Roblin Blvd., Charleswood, Man.....	VERnon 2-5433
MUSGROVE, LESLEY 206 Oxford Street		RICHARDSON, PAMELA 484 Wellington Crescent	GLobe 3-3192
McCULLOCH, CLARE E. 321 Dromore Avenue.....	GLobe 2-4163	RIDDELL, LINDA 7 Oriole Apts., 111 Furby Street	SPruce 5-4167
MCDONALD, PENNY 127 Handsart Blvd.....	HUDson 9-7489	RILEY, JEAN 43 Middlegate	SPruce 2-4467
McDOUGALL, LORI 6306-111th Avenue, Edmonton, Alta ..	79-2178	RILEY, DEBORAH 43 Middlegate	SPruce 2-4467
McRAE, BETTY 424 Nelson St., Fort Frances, Ont..	BR 4-6956	RILEY, SUZANNE 430 Hosmer Blvd.	HUDson 9-8020
McGIBBON, HELEN 25 Ruskin Row.....	GRover 5-6040	RILEY, JOANNE ETHEL 430 Hosmer Blvd.	HUDson 9-8020
McKENTY, LOUISE 207 Oxford Street	GRover 5-6463	ROGERS, SUSAN 757 Niagara Street..	HUDson 9-1022
McLEAN, ANNE 119 Brock Street.....	HUDson 9-4049	ROSS, JANE 205 Grenfell Blvd.....	HUDson 9-5623
McMAHON, PATRICIA R.R. No. 1, Headingley, Man.	VERnon 2-7901	ROSS, BARBARA 1 Trasimeno Crescent, Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alta.	CH 4-6287
McNAUGHTON, DIANE 256 Waverley Street	GLobe 3-2563	RUSSELL, NANCY 61 Waterloo Street.....	HUDson 9-2731
McPHERSON, WENDY 111 Park Blvd.....	HUDson 9-5591	SADLER, FAY Elgin, Manitoba.....	317 r 13
NAIRN, CORINNE 542 Waterloo Street	HUDson 9-6281	SALZBERG, SIGNE 695 Wolseley Avenue.....	SUNset 3-3569
NELSON, NANCY 285 Academy Road....	GLobe 2-6654	SAUL, VALERIE 314 First Avenue, Kenora, Ont.....	8576
NEWCOMBE, CATHERINE 28 Nichol Avenue	CHapel 7-9085	SELLERS, ANNE 8 Riverside Drive, Varsity View P.O.	VERnon 2-4815
NEILSON, KATHRYN 400 Lockwood Street	VERnon 2-1996	SELLERS, JOAN 8 Riverside Drive Varsity View P.O.....	VERnon 2-4815
NICHOL, BETTY Bagot, Manitoba.....	455 ring 162	SHOEMAKER, PENELOPE Neepawa, Manitoba	471
ORNSTEIN, MARSHA 433 South John Street, Port Arthur, Ont.	37500	SIGURDSON, CONSTANCE 635 Borebank Street..	HUDson 9-2943
OSLER, SUSAN 460 Wellington Crescent		SIDGWICK, BARBARA Ste. 11, The Monica, 235 Ferndale Avenue	GRover 5-7350
PARK, BARBARA 440 Ash Street	GRover 5-5003	SIEMENS, GWENDOLYN 210 Blair House.....	GLobe 3-5430
PAYNE, BARBARA 290 Montrose Street.	GLobe 2-8871	SILVESTER, DEANNA 7 Oriole Apts., 111 Furby Street	SPruce 5-4167
PEERS, SUSAN 12715 Stony Plain Road, Edmonton, Alta.	88-5661	SMERCHANSKI, JOAN 102 Handsart Blvd.....	HUDson 9-5553
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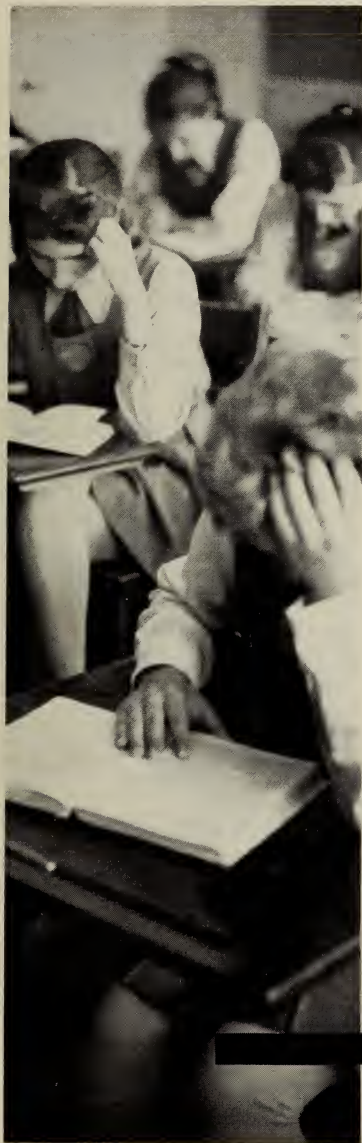
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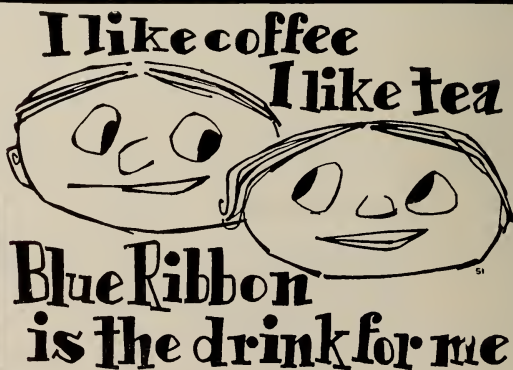


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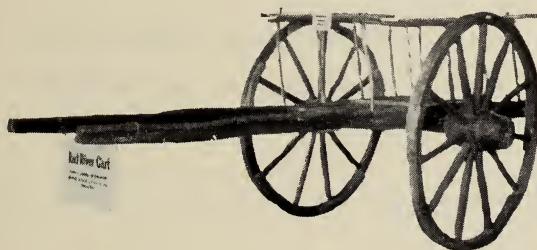


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